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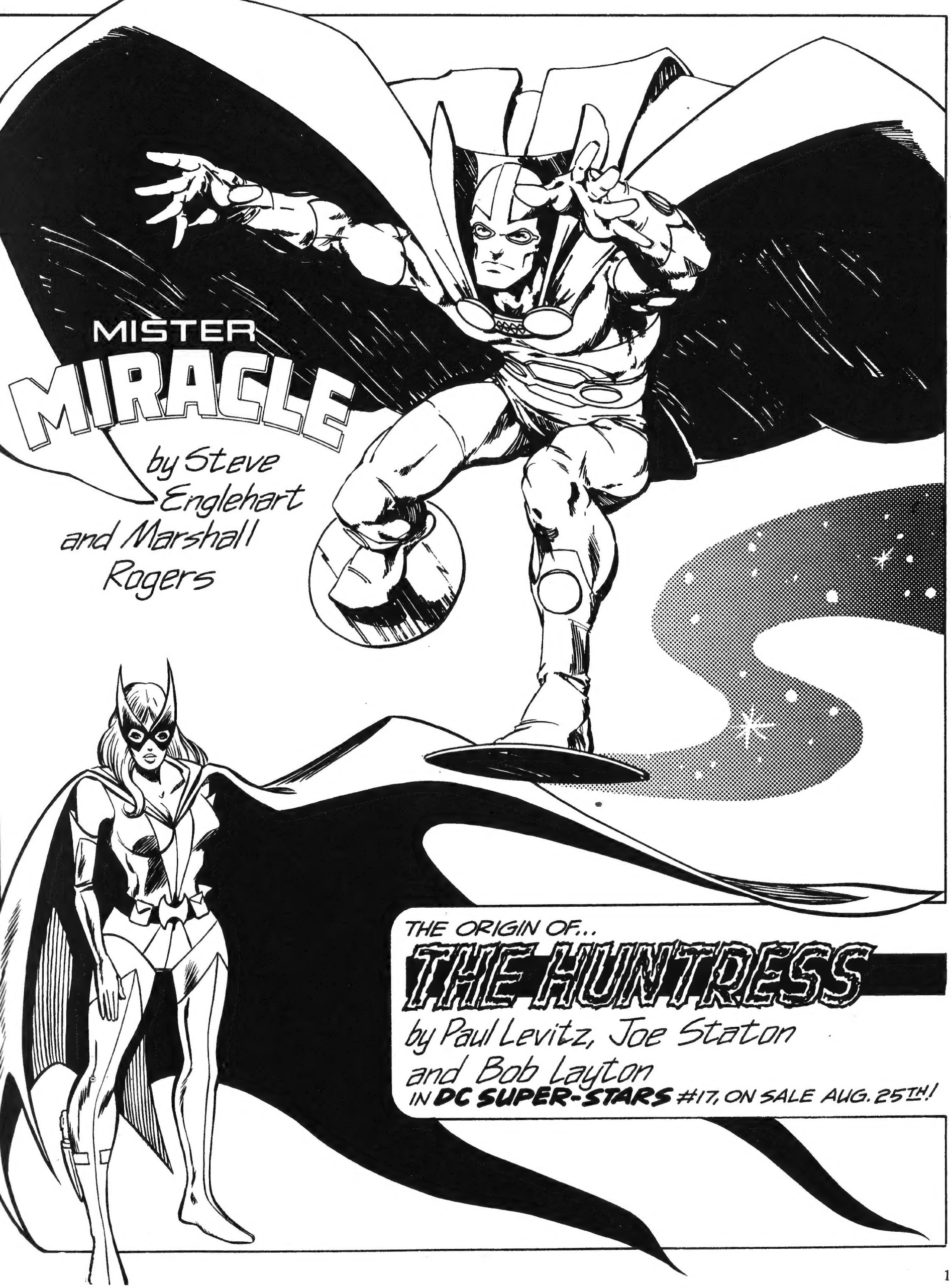
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IN DC SUPER-STARS #17, ON SALE AUG. 25TH!

WELCOME TO

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INTRODUCTION

WELCOME TO THE CLUB!
TEN YEARS OF PLEASURE AND LEARNING AND MEETING TOGETHER

In 1964, about a hundred people found themselves in a New York City union meeting hall, a large open room with wooden folding chairs, looking around at each other oddly, surprised, not really knowing what they were there for, a bit sheepish, waiting for whatever was going to take place to begin. Each of them had received "invitations" from a young man named Bernie Bubnis. He had asked them to come to a "Comicon", a gathering of comic book collectors and fans.

It was the first comics convention ever, although science-fiction conventions had been held for years, and some few had even tolerated comic book features. (Dick Lupoff, to name the best known S-F fan to espouse the comics cause, had even written a series of articles for an S-F fanzine, called "All In Color For a Dime", later used as the title of a book including some of his essays). That small one-day assembly of curious comic book collectors grew step by step into an annual tradition in New York, and then elsewhere. In 1968, I became involved in my first convention. The following year began the current series called the Comic Art Convention. Since that time, many thousands of people have come to enjoy it, to immerse themselves in its atmosphere, and to rely on its annual occurrence. Counting my first experience as the beginning, 1977 marks a full decade for the Comic Art Convention, and fourteen years since the idea was born. Thank you, Bernie Bubnis.

After ten years of the Comic Art Convention, we all have some perspective on this annual event, and as the person who is most deeply involved in the continuity of it, I'd like to share a few thoughts about conventions in general and this one specifically. I'm not sure we realize the place of the Convention in the field of comics appreciation and collecting. Very slowly, some ideas have developed in my mind, though, and for what they're worth, I'll present them now. If it does nothing else, the Tenth Anniversary provides an excuse for such a retrospective.

I believe collectors have some traits in common. We all have a sense of history, for instance, for the relevance and significance of our favorite titles and issues in the context of the times. Another shared feeling is intellectual curiosity. Who was responsible for such an idea, or such an innovation? Why was it published, or discontinued? When did this artist begin his career, or that one retire? Perhaps we share an acquisitiveness, also, wanting to keep what we have and add even more to our hoard. We certainly share an affection for fantasy and adventure. But I think we share one more characteristic, too. I believe we have an instinct for grouping - an urge to gather, to be among others with the same interests.

And while conventions satisfy all of our concerns - history, curiosity, desire for more material, or fascination with fantasy - they supply most of all the company of our friends and fellow collectors. Inside the convention doors, it is "Us", while outside it is "Them". Weird we may be to the rest of the world, but here we are accepted, recognized for our cleverness, and admired for our taste. We are a club whose members are secure within it.

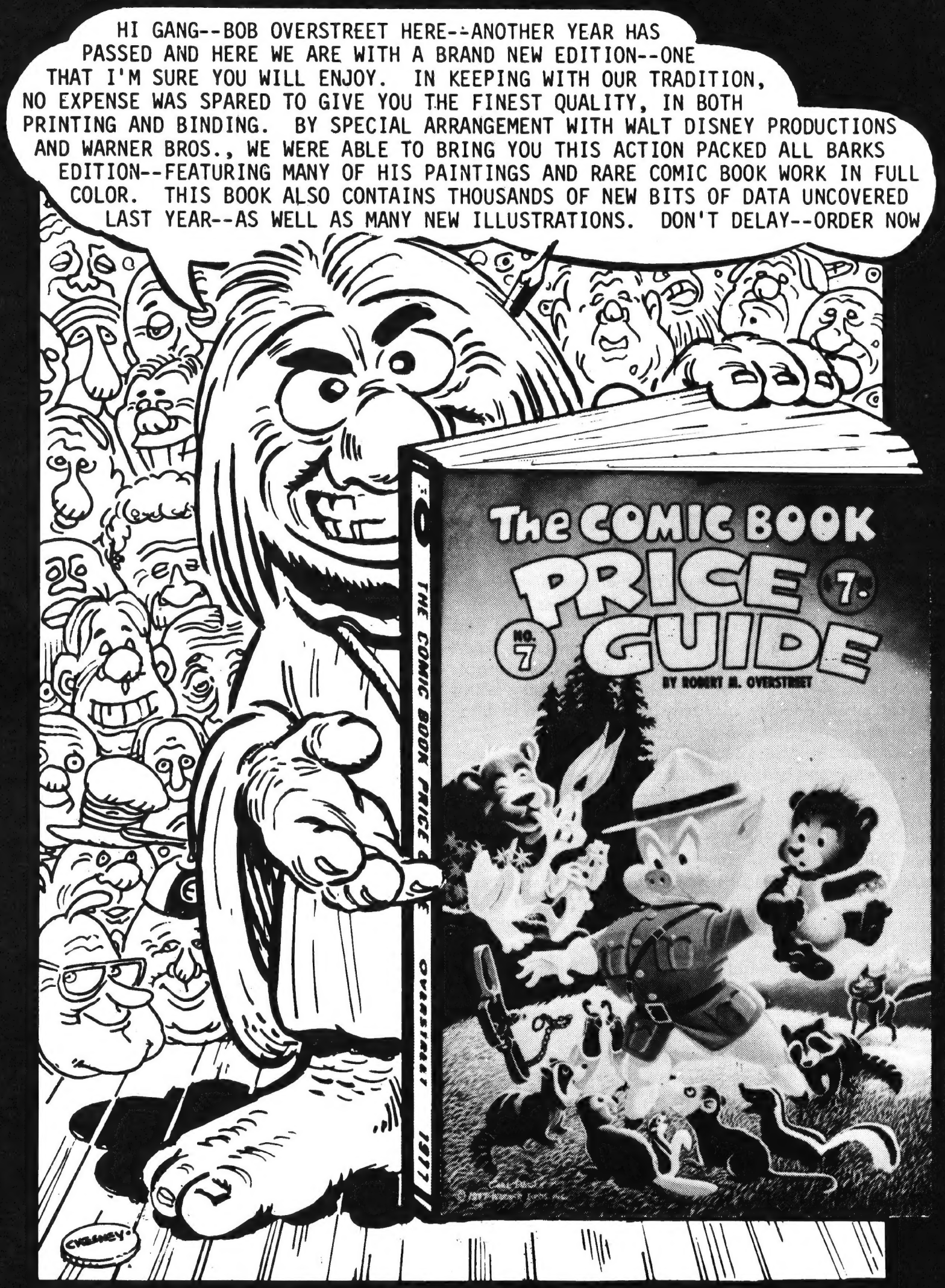
As members of this club we enjoy the fellowships of like-minded people. We feel rewarded if we can add to the value of our club, and we can retaliate against someone who hurts us or the club by our most fearful weapon - exclusion from our society.

A few years ago in Italy, I was a guest speaker at the Lucca convention. Since they have actual dues-paying clubs in Italy, they questioned me about American clubs. I answered by describing our conventions, telling them how much of a social gathering our shows could be, and making the point that our Comic Art Convention was probably more of a real club than their own organizations, which were operated by mail and did not meet socially.

For my own part, I'm glad to be a member. I enjoy meeting the people in the field - old friends, dealers, fans, professionals, new fans - more than I enjoy the other features of the Convention. And here we are again this year as we have been for ten years, with stories to tell each other, collections to pursue, questions to be answered, trades to be made, and other nuts like ourselves to meet and talk to.

Long may it endure - welcome to the club!

Phil Seuling--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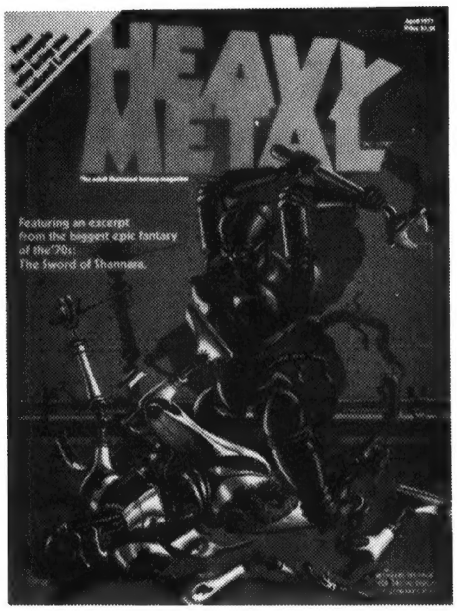

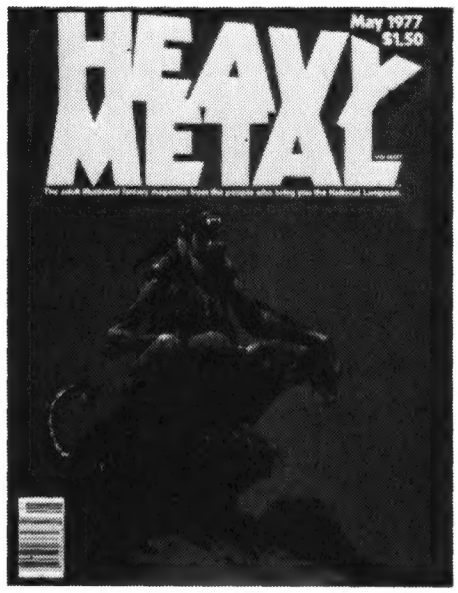

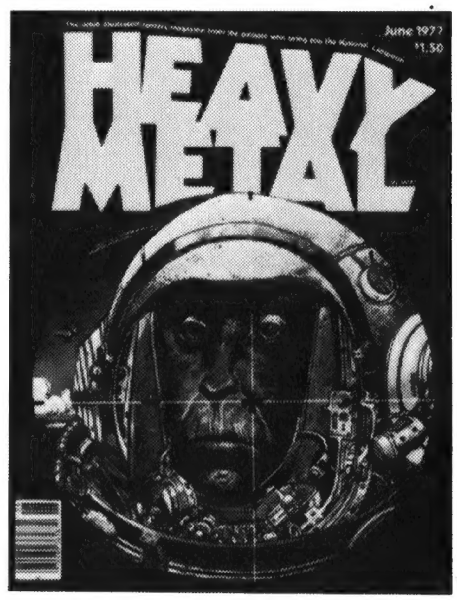

From France has come the most dazzling adult comic book of all time, Heavy Metal.

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Guest of Honor

Berni Wrightson

DARK COMEDY

© Copyright 1977 by Bruce Jones

A Decade with Berni Wrightson

by

Bruce Jones

We entered the Baltimore cemetery together under slate-gray skies pregnant with rain and over an asphalt path that Berni had himself trod countless times since childhood--and one which had been instrumental in shaping both his life and his art. I would have known that even is his rambling conversation hadn't disclosed it as we strolled among the graves, for Berni was at home here, it was obvious. The gaunt lanes of skeletal trees and towering granite-faced crypts embraced him like old friends--as indeed they were. There had been times in his life--as in mine--when only the silent tombstones and quiet lawns could be trusted with the special problems of a young artist's life and it was apparent these had listened many times to his, even as they were listening now...

It has been an unusual year.

Berni would make a major move to a strange town, face critical decisions about his art, fall in love and then break off with a girl from the mid-west, lose his father to cancer, and move back to New York again, all within a few short months.

"It used to be an open cemetery," he was saying, squinting up at the grumbling overcast. "But teenagers started vandalizing the place so they fenced it in." I glanced across at the chiseled features and saw a thousand grave-choked comic panels reflected in his eyes. "They put guard dogs in here at night to keep the people out."

"Jesus," I muttered, remembering the graveyard scene in Val Lewton's Leopard Man. "That could be a little hairy if you got trapped in here!"

"Oh, I did once!" Berni replied proudly.

"You're kidding! What did you do?"

"I climbed a tree."

I was both chilled and envious. I wished I had met Berni when we were kids. But that wouldn't happen until 1968 when I'd walk into Jeff Jones' New York apartment with my new bride and see a Byronic young man in jeans and sweater slouched on a sofa with a drawing board in his lap. "Bruce, this is Berni Wrightson. He's just

WHAT FOLLOWED WAS LIKE A DREAM. I REMEMBER RUNNING ALMOST MECHANICALLY THROUGH ALLEYS AND BACK LOTS HEAVY WITH EVENING SHADOWS... MY MIND CROWDED WITH THE SINGLE DRIVING DESIRE TO DESTROY JENIFER.
I REMEMBER THROWING THE BRICK, GRABBING THE HEAVY OBJECT WITHIN THE STORE WINDOW...
I REMEMBER TURNING THERE ON THE STREET, SURPRISED TO SEE JENIFER RIGHT BEHIND ME... STARING AT ME... STARING...
STARING...

PHOTOS BY BOB KEENAN

©1974, 1977 Warren Publishing Co.

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started working for National..."

One look and I could see why. That portfolio of early drawings beside him--the first Wrightson art I would see--was truly staggering, all the more so for his tender years. I remember taking Jeff aside later and whispering ominously, "How're we gonna get rid of this guy?"

Berni affected all our work in some way, whether by actual application or just through the good vibes that flowed from his brush. Probably that was his greatest contribution--just looking at the immense love and care that went into each panel. As Kaluta once said, "When Berni's cookin'--whew!"

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"Whew!" indeed. Berni drew like he'd never worked at it at all, like it was the most natural thing in the world to just sit there and watch this gorgeous stuff appear magically on a blank page--while the rest of us sketched and erased and redrew and cursed and sweat blood.

But then, we didn't have the cemetery.

We stopped on the cemetery path and Berni reached down and picked up a flat stone. "Looking for snakes."

He had collected many snakes. At one time or another there was always a rainbow boa or corn snake in an aquarium on top of Berni's T.V. or bookshelf. I even witnessed his strange hunt personally one day when Berni suggested we look for water snakes in the creek in my back yard. I'd never seen any water snakes there--but then I'd never really looked. I found that there is a real art to that.

FOR A TIME I SENSED *DARKNESS* AND *PEACE.*

THEN, I *FLOWED* THROUGH A *CRACK* IN THE STONE *CESS-POOL* AND ONTO DAMP, MOSSY *EARTH.*

I SLID OVER ROCKS AND GRASS, DRAWING THE LIFE FROM THE SMALL LIVING THINGS IN MY PATH!

I FLOWED ONWARD...THROUGH THE WOODS AND OVER A *RETAINING WALL...*

...EVER *DOWNWAR*

...TO A PLACE OF THE *DEAD.*

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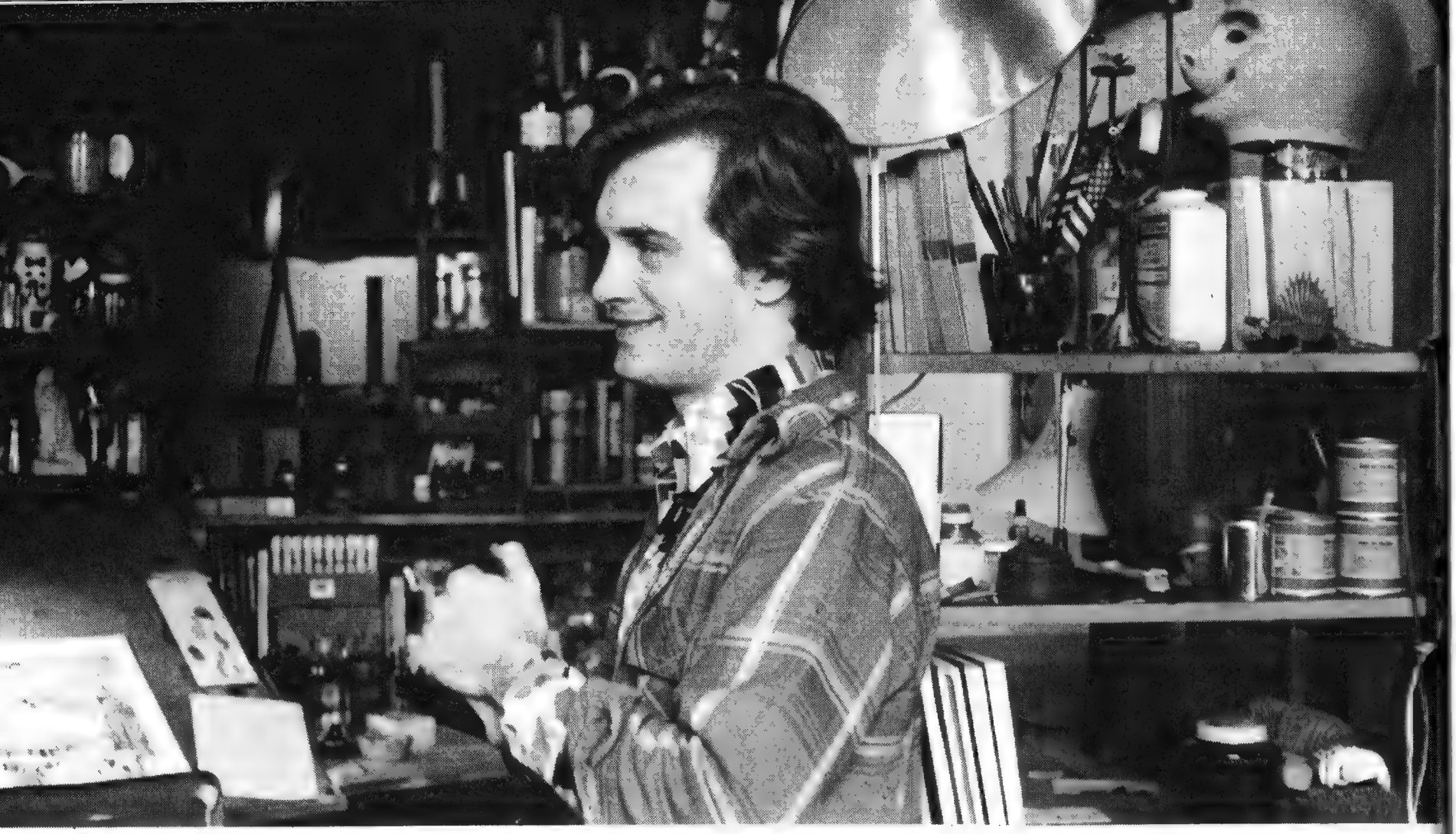

erni pointed out two beautiful specimens from the bridge spanning the creek that for all the world looked to me like dangling eeds. Then, with me guiding from the bridge, he descended to the ushing waters, waded across the tumbled stone and approached ne of the serpents. From his angle the glare masked anything eneath the surface but I could see everything clearly from my vanage point above. "To your right...a little more...there. That should ut you right over him..." Zap! his right hand shot down and to my mazement broke the surface a second later lashed by rust-colored coils. He was a plucky little water snake I remember, trying at least twice to bite Berni on the hand. We were finally obliged to let him go.

Collecting didn't stop with reptiles. Dinosaurs were an even more sought after item--anything from the two inch plastic and rubber models you can get at the local Woolworth to the enormous lumbering monsters Aurora put out a few years back. Rubber dragons, Egyptian stone replicas and any really neat toy are also included on the list.

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IF THE SWAMP THING FELT HE WAS DREAMING BEFORE, HOW CAN HE POSSIBLY EXPLAIN THE SIGHT THAT LOOMS BEFORE HIM AT THE VERDANT FOREST'S EDGE?...
FOR WERE HE TO BELIEVE THE EVIDENCE OF HIS MOSS-ENCUMBERED EYES, HE WOULD HAVE TO SAY HE STANDS BEFORE A SMALL SWISS VILLAGE--WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE...
...ISN'T IT?

ON CARVED BRASS HINGES, THE FRONT DOOR SWINGS OPEN--AND THE MOSSY MAN-BRUTE IS THRUST INTO A STRANGE CACOPHONY OF ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR NOISES--
--THE PRECISION SOUNDS OF--TICKING!
WELCOME, MEIN FRIEND--COME IN--COME IN!
AND THAT IS WHEN THE SWAMP THING BECOMES AWARE HE IS DREAMING NO LONGER--IF EVER HE TRULY WAS!

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As a fellow collector I have often reflected on why we do it. I have a theory. Remember when you were a kid and you saw all that neat stuff in the local toy store window and you couldn't afford it? Well, now you can afford it! Of course, you still have to think like a kid in some respects but that's a small price to pay for owning your own plastic Styracosaurus.

Rain drops pelted down erratically as we neared the exit gate. It was time to leave the cemetery, as it would soon be time to leave Baltimore and thus end one phase of our lives.

Having lived close to Berni in Kansas City, I had worked with him, and we did rather well. People have told me repeatedly that Jenifer is the best story I've ever written for the comics. It isn't true. I've done other tales I consider equally as good if not better. But Berni's art lends so much to the feeling of the thing, you can't get it out of your mind. It's been said before: a good artist can elevate a mediocre story, just as a bad artist can wreck a great one.

We only worked together once artistically. It was penciling a job for National that was never published called The Jade Hand. Our styles clashed drastically and by today's standards the work is pretty crude. But I wouldn't part with the originals for anything.

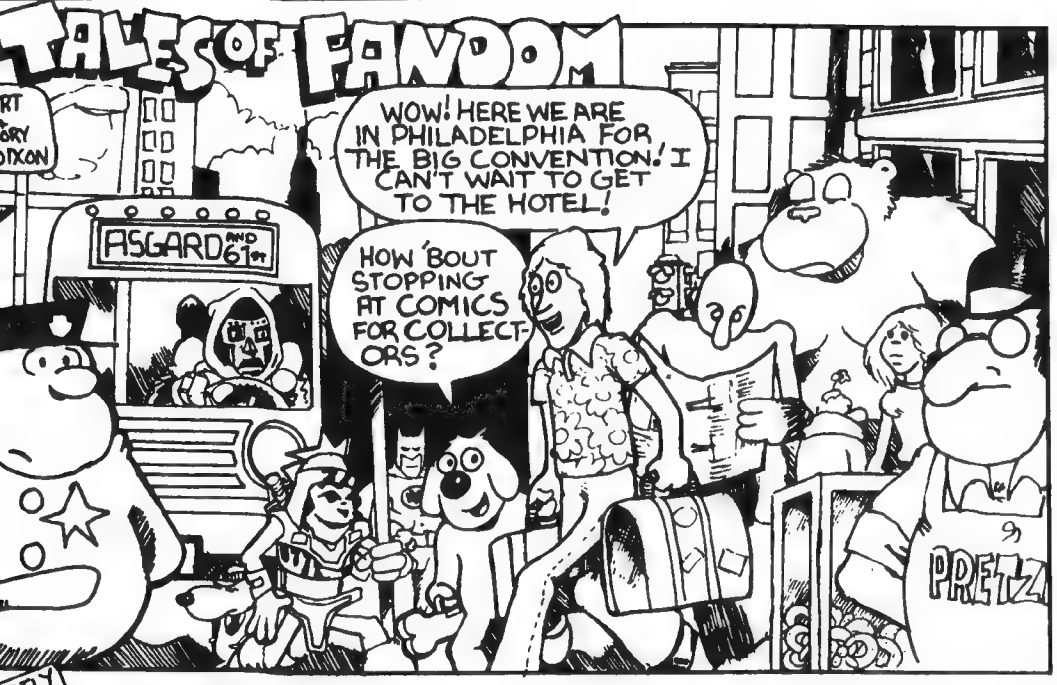
From the nearly ten years of our friendship, little isolated highlights pop like strobic flashes in my mind--as zany and wild as the Warner Bros. cartoons we revere: Berni doing his Karloff impression; Berni running around my back yard like a gibbon; Berni emerging from the bathroom wearing his Creature from the Black Lagoon mask; Berni sitting transfixed before the television, absorbed for the 86th time in Bride of Frankenstein; Berni waxing enthusiastic over the greatest film we ever saw--"The Texas Chainsaw Massacre"...or telling you how terrific Graham Ingels was...or how we're going to make this really great movie someday...or just sitting over his cup of coffee discussing who we are, why we're here, what it all means...

We left the cemetery behind us and headed for Berni's mother's house a few blocks away. We'd reflected enough. It was time to get on to New York--on to other drawings, other adventures. There's a whole new decade of memories to fill up.

I can hardly wait.

Bruce Jones
April 3, 1977
Kansas City, Kans.

©1977 Berni Wrightson


TALES OF FANDOM
ASGARD AND 61ST
WOW! HERE WE ARE IN PHILADELPHIA FOR THE BIG CONVENTION! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET TO THE HOTEL!
HOW 'BOUT STOPPING AT COMICS FOR COLLECTORS?
PRETZ

HUH?!
YEAH! COMICS FOR COLLECTORS IT'S JUST 3 BLOCKS FROM THE CONVENTION SITE!
B-BUT!

SEE? SEE? WHAT DID I TELL YOU? COMICS! FANZINES! BLACK+WHITES! D.C.'s! THE LARGEST SELECTION ANYWHERE!
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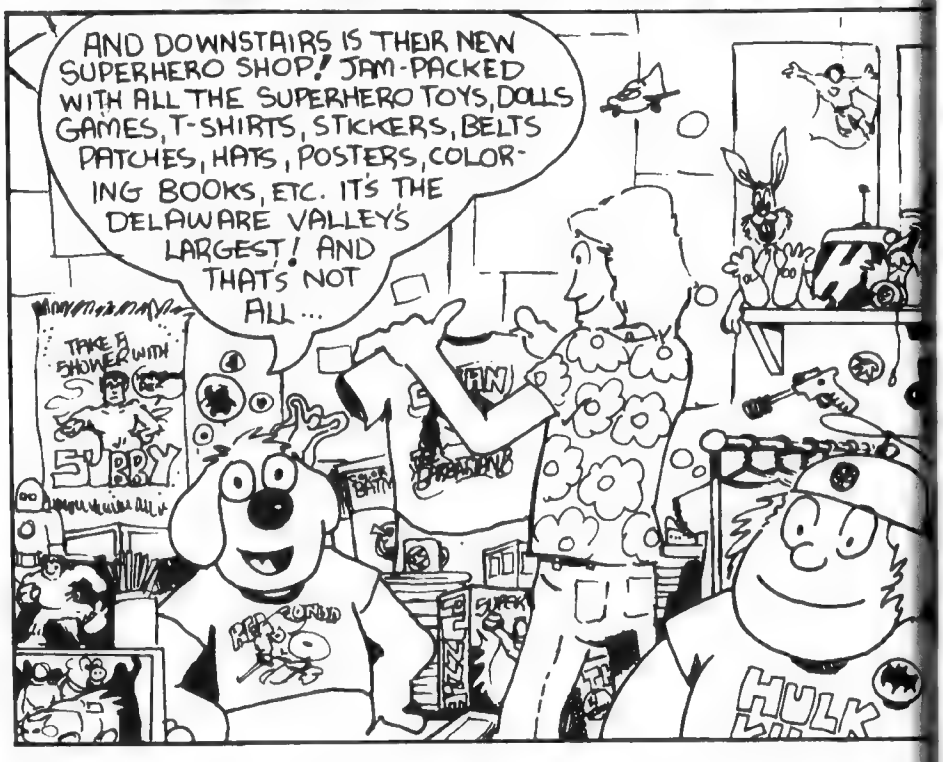
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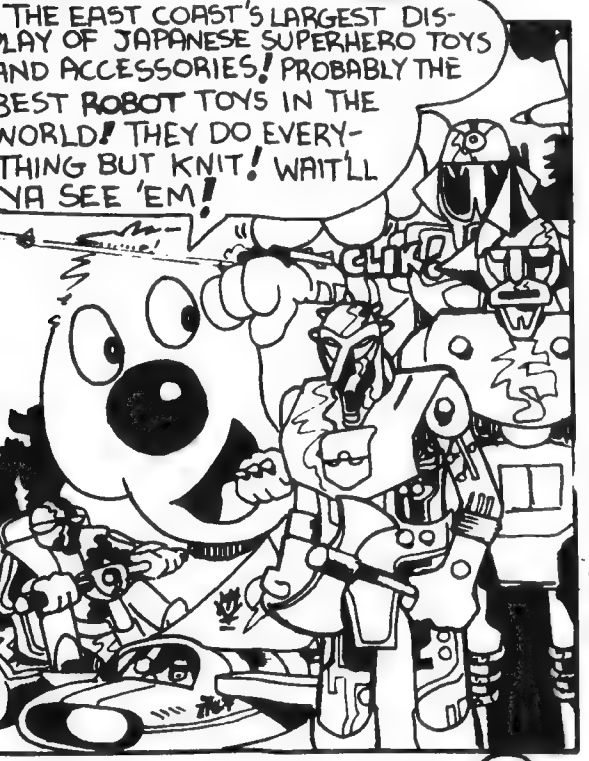
HULK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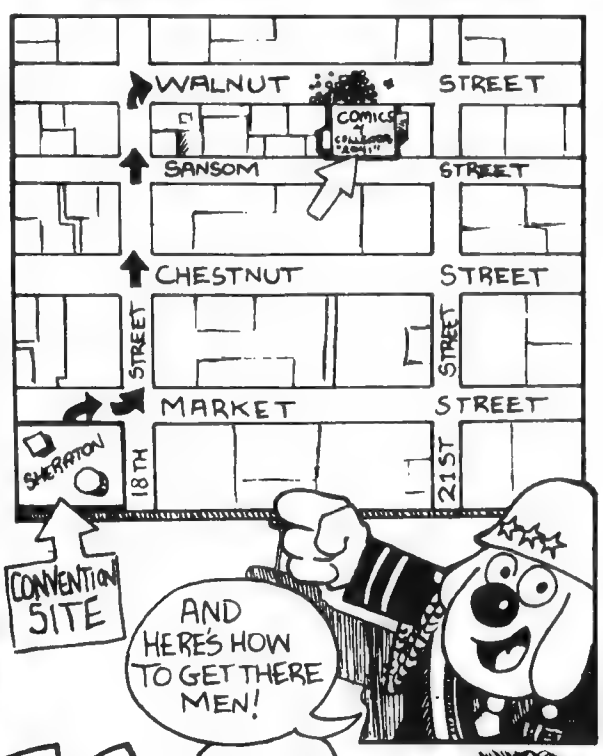
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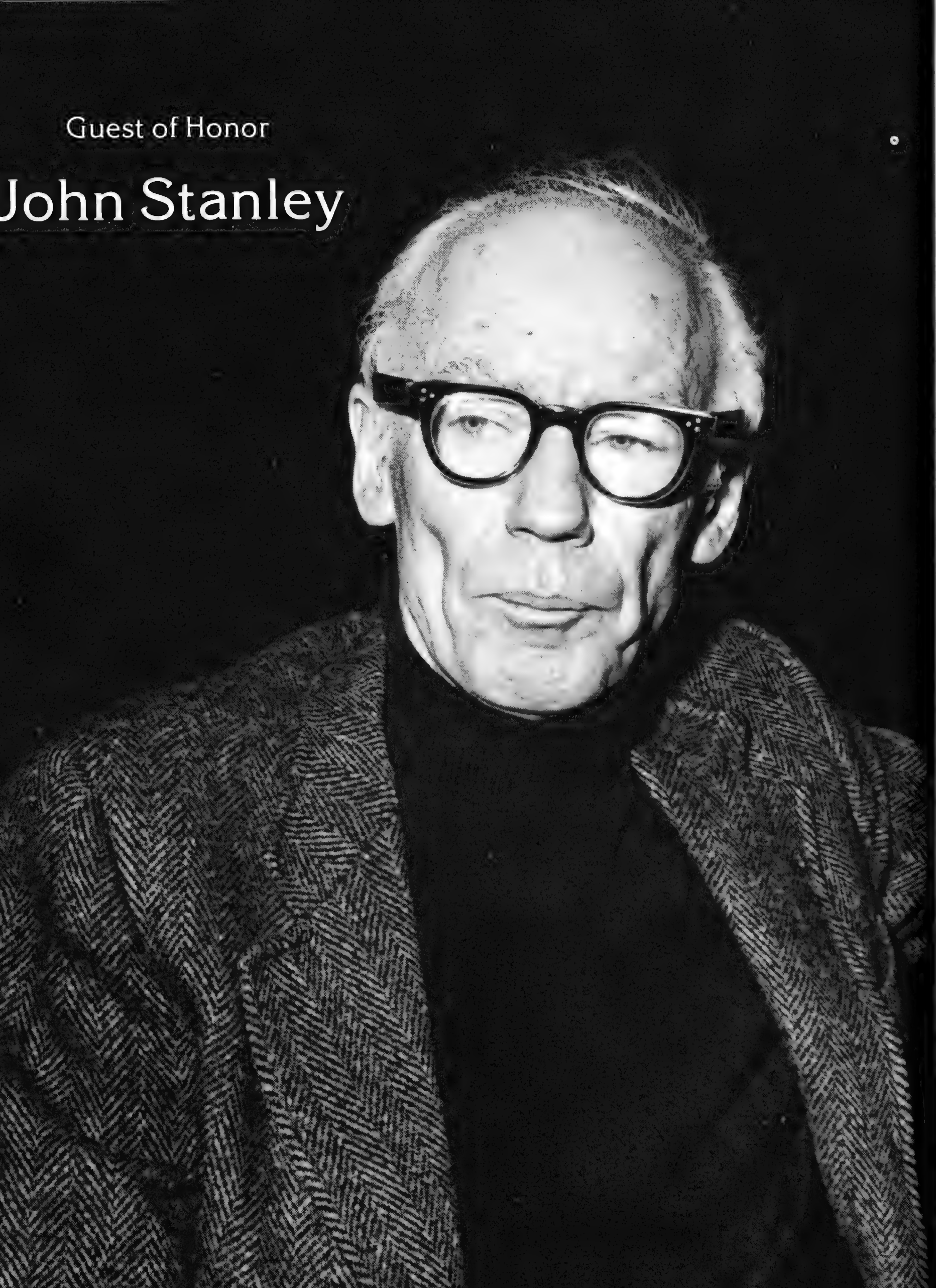
Guest of Honor

John Stanley



Article by Don Phelps

The Western Publishing group (Dell Gold Key) is often verlooked by people like Jules Feiffer, Jim Steranko, and others, hen they present their versions of the history of comic books. heir own natural inclination was probably toward reading about he costumed crime fighters when they were growing up and their ostalgic look at Superman and his many imitators is certainly un- erstandable considering the importance of the "superhero" in elation to the growth of the comic book industry.

But what about those of us who started reading comics in our re-school years? Those of us who were exposed to a delightful fan- asy world where talking animals and little girls in cow bell dresses and fat boys in sailor hats) wandered around and actually taught us ow to speak, think and act in a wonderfully literate manner?

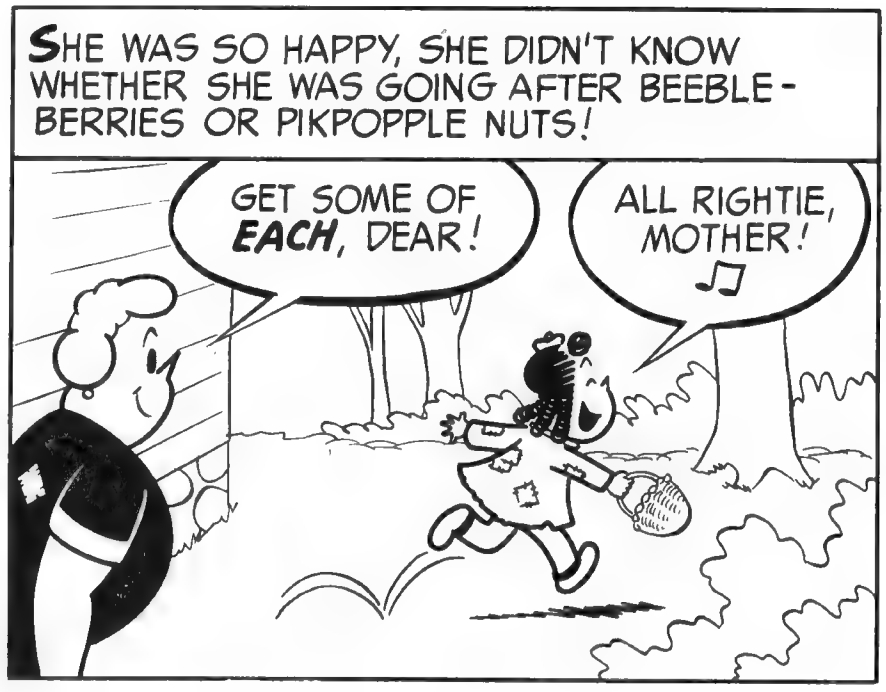
Surely the previous leaders of Western Publishing deserve more redit for that imaginative period from the mid-forties through the fties during which comic storyteller achieved its zenith through he efforts of Noonan, Gollub, Walt Kelly, Carl Barks and John tanley. Kelly, of course, went on to achieve international ecognition with the syndication of his comic strip prodigy, Pogo, hile Barks has finally achieved (after years of anonymity) his ichly deserved status of Legend Emeritus.

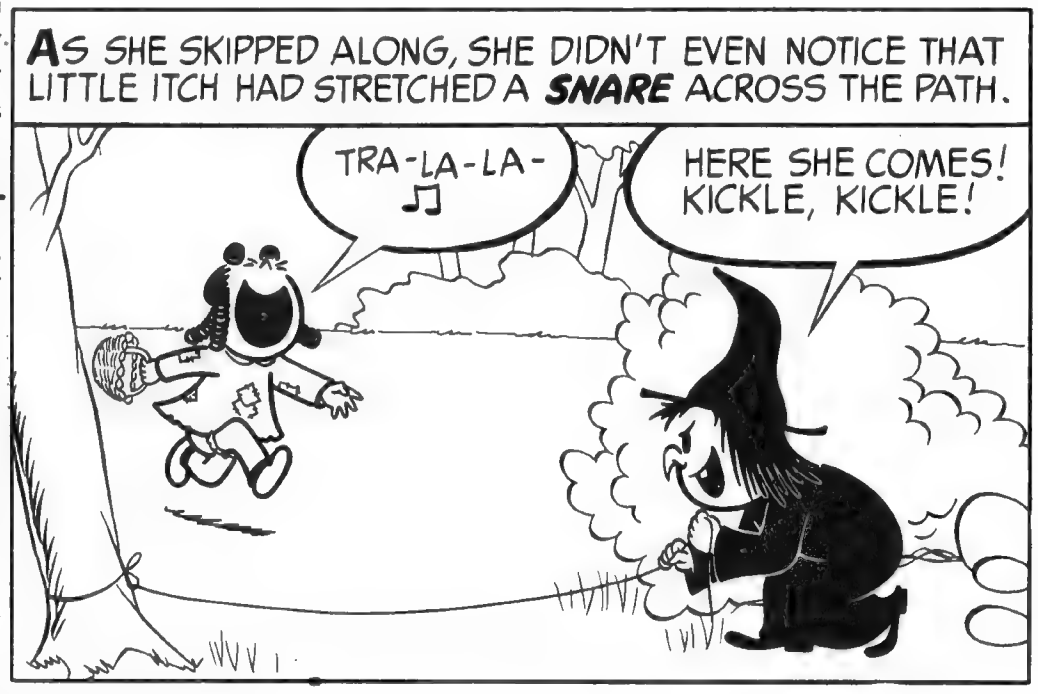
John Stanley, however, still has not gained the full recognition ue him as a master storyteller (at the very least on a par with Kelly nd Barks). There are reasons for this oversight. First of all, Stanley nherited a character from another medium whose copyright was wned by someone else. Thus it was Marge's Little Lulu that ap- eared on the newstands and all the faithful devotees of the Lulu hronology (enough to make it one of the hottest titles that Dell very published) marvelled at the wit and wisdom of this Marge"...whoever she was. This comic book "Marge" was, of ourse, John Stanley (the most evident analogy to this concealed uthorship was the Barks rendition of the "Disney" ducks. Barks' ame did not become fan-public knowledge until some thirty years fter his first duck story).

Secondly, Stanley has maintained the posture of a near-recluse ince the very first utterances of fan appreciation. He has constan- y downgraded his contribution to comic book history and to this ay he maintains that he sees no particular merit in his Lulu and ubby stories beyond the fact that they were always done in time or the monthly deadline.

Third, a personal observation: the very title, Little Lulu, lessened s potential audience somewhat because most of the buying public or comic books were boys. Stanley's depiction of Tubby and his lubhouse gang illustrates this point. Would Tubby ever have een caught buying a comic book with a girl's title? Absolutely, mphatically not! Camps were pretty well divided in those days of he role-playing Fifties. Girls were girls--dollies, tea parties and roper' young ladies. And boys were boys -- football, clubhouses nd one for all and all for one! During grammar school, when peer nfluence was at its greatest, a boy would risk ridicule and scorn i e was caught buying a Little Lulu comic book. Superman was .K., even Donald Duck (or another Disney) was acceptable, but a ee box seat at a Yankee-Red Sox game could not have induced he to buy a Lulu comic in the company of my friends. No, Lulu- uying was a fullfledged undercover caper, reserved for those mes when the drug store was empty and I could guiltily pick up ny copy and dismiss my payment to the owner with the predic- ble "buying it for my sister" line. So it was that unless a guy icked up on Lulu when he was very young then, in all probability, he magic of John Stanley's storytelling was lost to him forever.

But, even with the above impediments, it will be only a matter of me before Stanley gains the far-flung fan recognition that Kelly nd Barks have already attained, what with John's appearance at is special tenth anniversary edition of the Comic Art Convention, is appearance at Boston's Newcon and the popularity of the vin- ge Lulu books as evidenced in the rising prices catalogued in the verstreet Price Guide.


SHE WAS SO HAPPY, SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER SHE WAS GOING AFTER BEEBLE-BERRIES OR PIKPOPPLE NUTS!
GET SOME OF EACH, DEAR!
ALL RIGHTIE, MOTHER!


AS SHE SKIPPED ALONG, SHE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THAT LITTLE ITCH HAD STRETCHED A SNARE ACROSS THE PATH.
TRA-LA-LA-
HERE SHE COMES! KICKLE, KICKLE!

PHOTOS BY BARBARA BOATNER

LITTLE LULU © 1954 DELL COMICS

And now, the crescendo of questions from the uninitiated: Just who is John Stanley and why all the hoopla? Let's answer with a quickie biography and short analysis of the Lulu characters.

John Stanley is 62 years old. He worked for the Fleischer animation studios in the 30's and left to draw Disney merchandise illustrations for Hal Horne (doing at the same time much of the art in the Mickey Mouse Magazines), and then Kay Kamen. He was a scholarship graduate of the New York School of Art and he attended the Art Students League. John sold cartoons to many magazines (including the New Yorker) before and during his tenure with Western Publishing. He also wrote a children's book in the mid-sixties entitled How Nice To Be Little.

While with Western he turned out to be perhaps their most prolific scripter working on virtually every major title. His magnum opus, however, was the saga of Lulu and Tubby.

Stanley wrote virtually every Little Lulu comic book from its beginning in 1945 until the late 50's. He also drew all the covers and all of the first dozen or so issues. The literary quality of these issues borders on the astounding and bears out Stanley's contention that he was writing more for his own enjoyment and those of his peers at Western than for the kiddies.

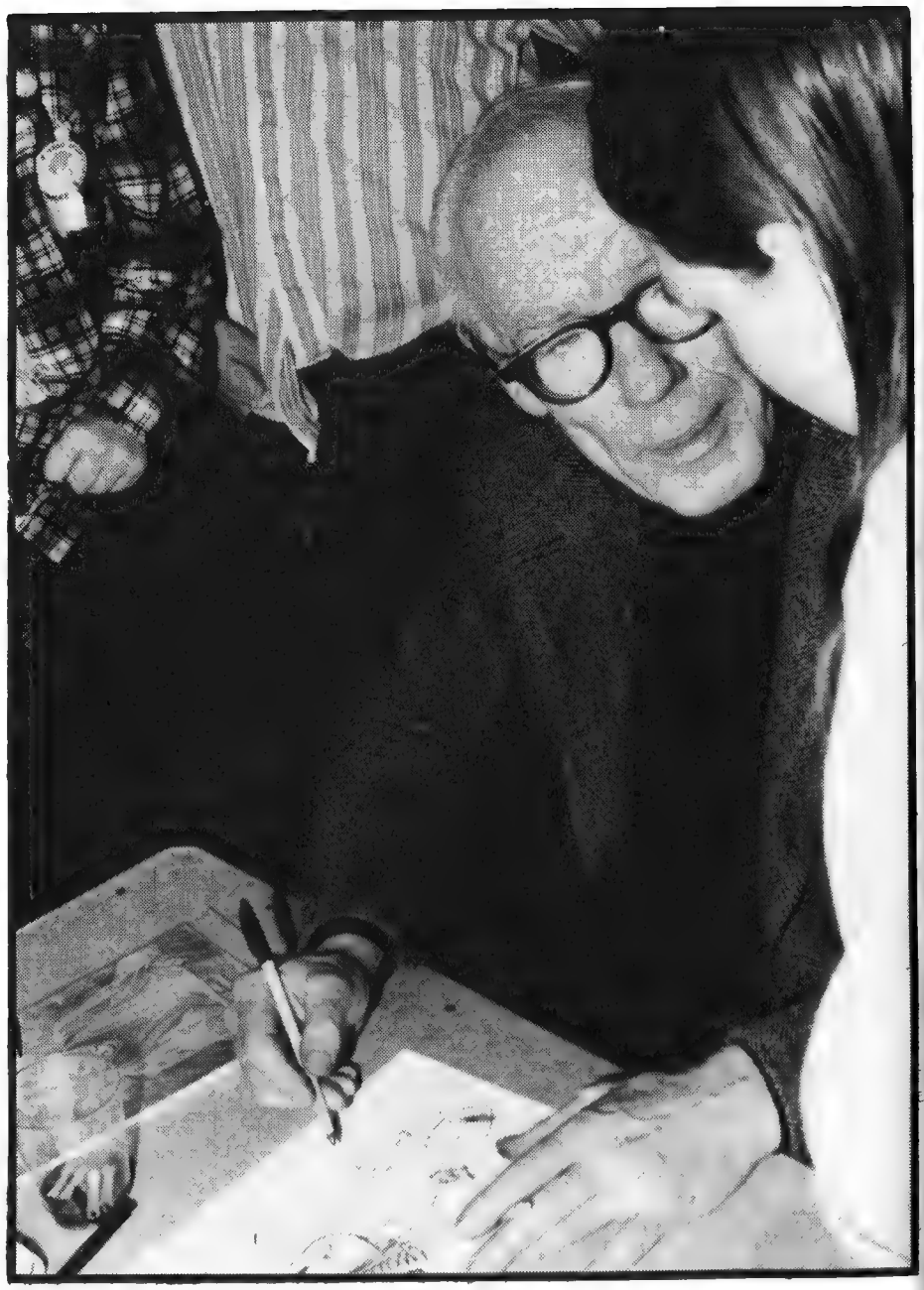
The Little Lulu character had been created by the cartoonist called Marge and she appeared in a one-panel cartoon that ran for ten years in the Saturday Evening Post. John was handed the assignment to adapt Lulu to comic book form by editor Oscar Lebeck and he remembers meeting with Marge to discuss background on the character before starting on the first issue. It was the last time that Marge influenced the comic book development of Lulu.

Little Lulu had been a bitchy sort of tomboy in the Marge cartoon. Though funny, she was basically a one-note character. Under Stanley's aegis, however, a much more subtle strip evolved. Lulu masked her strong tomboy smartness with the respectability which only a dolly carriage and periodic tea parties could bring. She consciously strove to stay within the confines of the 'proper' young lady role whereas Tubby, a vague foil in the Marge cartoon, was given a personality that even Clarence MacNabem would love. Brash, boastful, imaginative, Tubby was the archetypical child of the 50's. He and his clubhouse gang were continually thwarted in their tricks by Lulu and her friends but they opened and closed every story with the firm belief that boys were the chosen people. Girls might do all right in school but when it came to the big game of life boys had them "beaten to a crisp."

Such logic was representative of the times. This exaggerated role-playing which Stanley employed was just one of the delights one could count on when reading Lulu. Another was the varied uses of imagintion throughout the stories. Lulu's ingenious solutions to the boys' tricks was the direct result of "bridled" imagintion, very logical and practical and under control. This imagination of Lulu's was allowed to be unbridled, however, during the Witch Hazel stories, the most wonderfully fascinating stories this side of Willy Wonka. Within these delightfully structured and plotted stories Lulu was allowed to transport herself into a world of make-believe and they are nothing less than examples of legitimate children's literature.

Imagination, of course, was the main ingredient in Tubby's personality. Whether daydreaming about a date with Gloria Darling or solving some minor mystery as "The Spider," Tubby invents his way through each story in his unique whimsical style. And, speaking of whimsical, Stanley character names were nothing if not imaginative: Mr. Kohlkutz, Gran'pa Feeb, Wilbur Van Snobbe, the aforementioned MacNabbem, etc.

An integral part of Stanley's style was clever and tightly woven plot structure. No loose threads were left hanging in any of the stories that Stanley worked on. It was interesting to note that at Boston's Newcon, during a panel discussion featuring Stanley and Barks, each was surprised to learn that they worked in much the same manner, especially in their tendency to try to work in a gag at the end of every page.



As Muddy Waters once said in answer to a question asking him to define the Blues: "Man, you can't define it, you gotta live it." Thus it's well nigh impossible to define the intricacies of a Stanley story. Just read.....and enjoy!

As for Stanley the person, one goes groping for all the corny adjectives: humble, bright, articulate.....he's all of those. He's the guy you would most rather have a beer with. As far as panel discussions, fans at this July Con can be sure that they will hear none of the pretentiousness that seems to be part of the younger hotshots. No, Stanley will give legitimate, honest (and sometimes brutally frank) answers to any question that's posed to him (I still remember the throwaway line that he used up on the dais at Newcon, "Adults are a pain in the butt. They just can not see things the way that children can").

There is that disarming twinkle in the eye of John Stanley and it denotes his youthful vitality of mind. I know that when I finally met John, I was absolutely floored by the genuinely warm personality of the man. After a short conversation with him, I can't imagine anyone not being won over by him.

So now all of you attending this Tenth Anniversary Con have the opportunity to hear a man who Walt Kelly sought out as a friend, a man whom Mo Gollub called "perhaps the greatest story man that I've ever been associated with," a man whose panel discussion talk is liable to be spiced with quotes from Dickens, Camus, or neighborhood slang from the city streets that he grew up in (and carried over into his clubhouse gang stories). You will, in all probability, walk away from this convention feeling that Walt Kelly and Mo Gollub knew a long time ago what we are all just learning now. That John Stanley is one of the great true talents.

THIS THREW LITTLE ITCH INTO AN ***AWFUL*** RAGE.

WHY DON'T YOU ***YELL*** AN' ***HOWL*** LIKE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO.

BUT I'M ***HAPPY!*** I JUST KNOCKED MY ***TOOTH*** OUT!

ITCH BEGAN TO THINK THE FALL HAD ALSO KNOCKED HER ***BRAINS*** OUT.

IF I PUT THIS UNDER MY ***PILLOW***, THE FAIRIES WILL LEAVE A ***DIME*** FOR IT!

THEY WILL?

WHIRLING AROUND, SHE CHASED AFTER THE POOR LITTLE GIRL AS FAST AS SHE COULD GO.

NO!

GIMME THAT TOOTH!

AS THEY STREAKED PAST THE GOBLINS' COAL MINE, ITCH SUDDENLY TRIPPED OVER A ***CHUNK*** OF ***COAL***...

Carl Barks Don Phelps John Stanley

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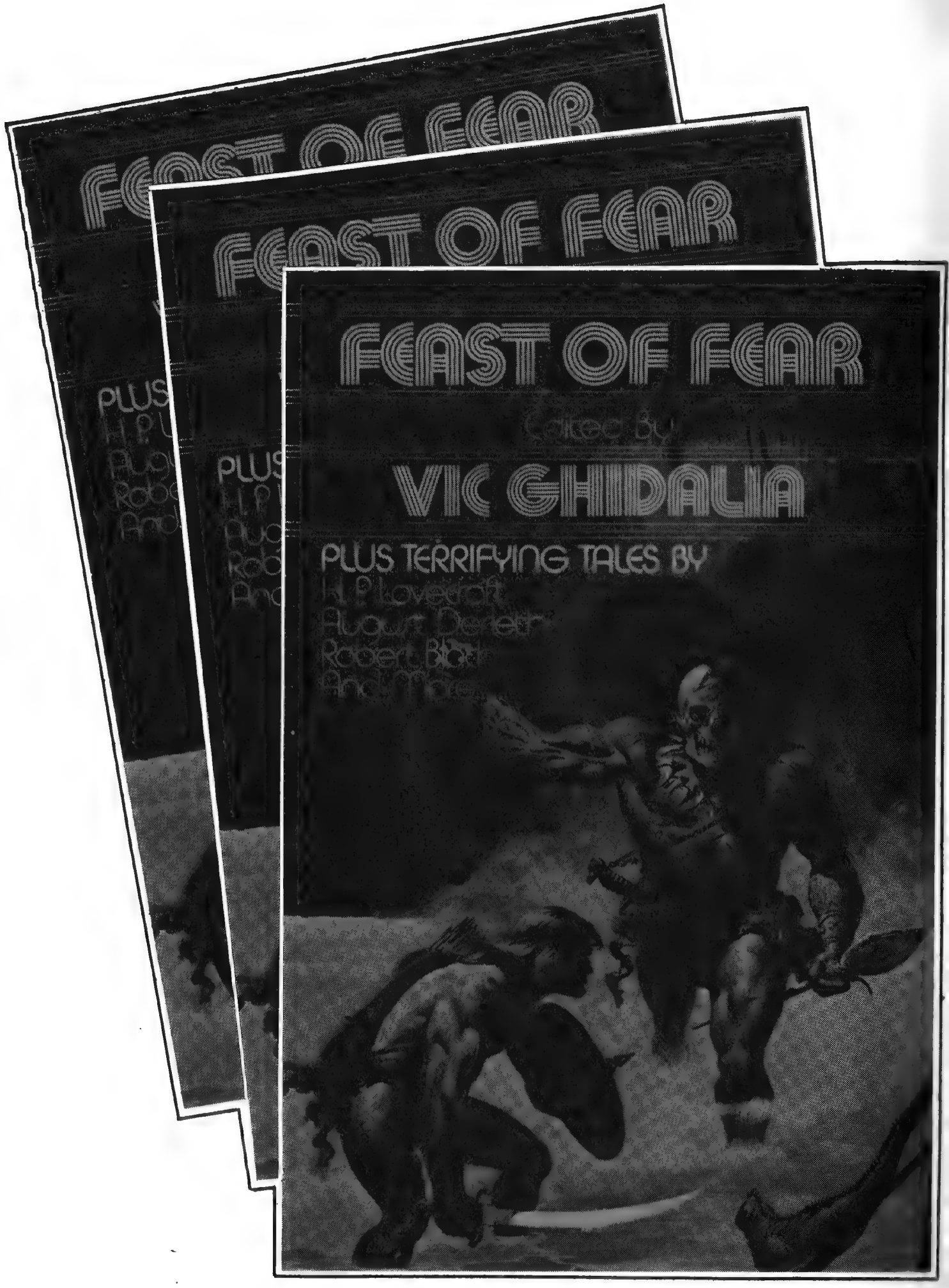

THE COBRA IN THE DREAM By Robert E. Howard
THE DARK BROTHERHOOD By H.P. Lovecraft and August Derleth
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THE THING IN THE HALL By E.F. Benson
WAXWORKS By Robert Bloch.

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JAY DISBROW

In January of 1950, Jay Disbrow started work at the SM Inger Studios in New York City, first as an inker, later as penciller. His subjects were Sheena, Kaanga, and Fairhair, not a bad selection to start with.

Later, with L.B. Cole's Star Publications, Jay wrote and illustrated many weird mystery, science fiction, fantasy, and jungle stories. The early 1950's were the EC days, but some good quality work was being done by other shops as well, and Jay Disbrow regularly contributed work to Trojan Publications and ACG.

Since 1955, Jay has worked full time as a commercial artist, and has become a professional speaker on a wide variety of subjects.

The 1950's are probably the least explored decade of comic book history, and it's a welcome opportunity to have Jay Disbrow to give us some inside information on those days.

Magnificent

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PORTFOLIO

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Al Milgrom
Keith Pollard
John Romita Jr.
Joe Staton
John Severin
Bob Dunn
Hy Eisman
Mike Vosburg
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'77

You

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ALRIGHT! WHAT'S THIS BULL ABOUT MY BOOK BEING CANCELLED?!
©pollard '77'

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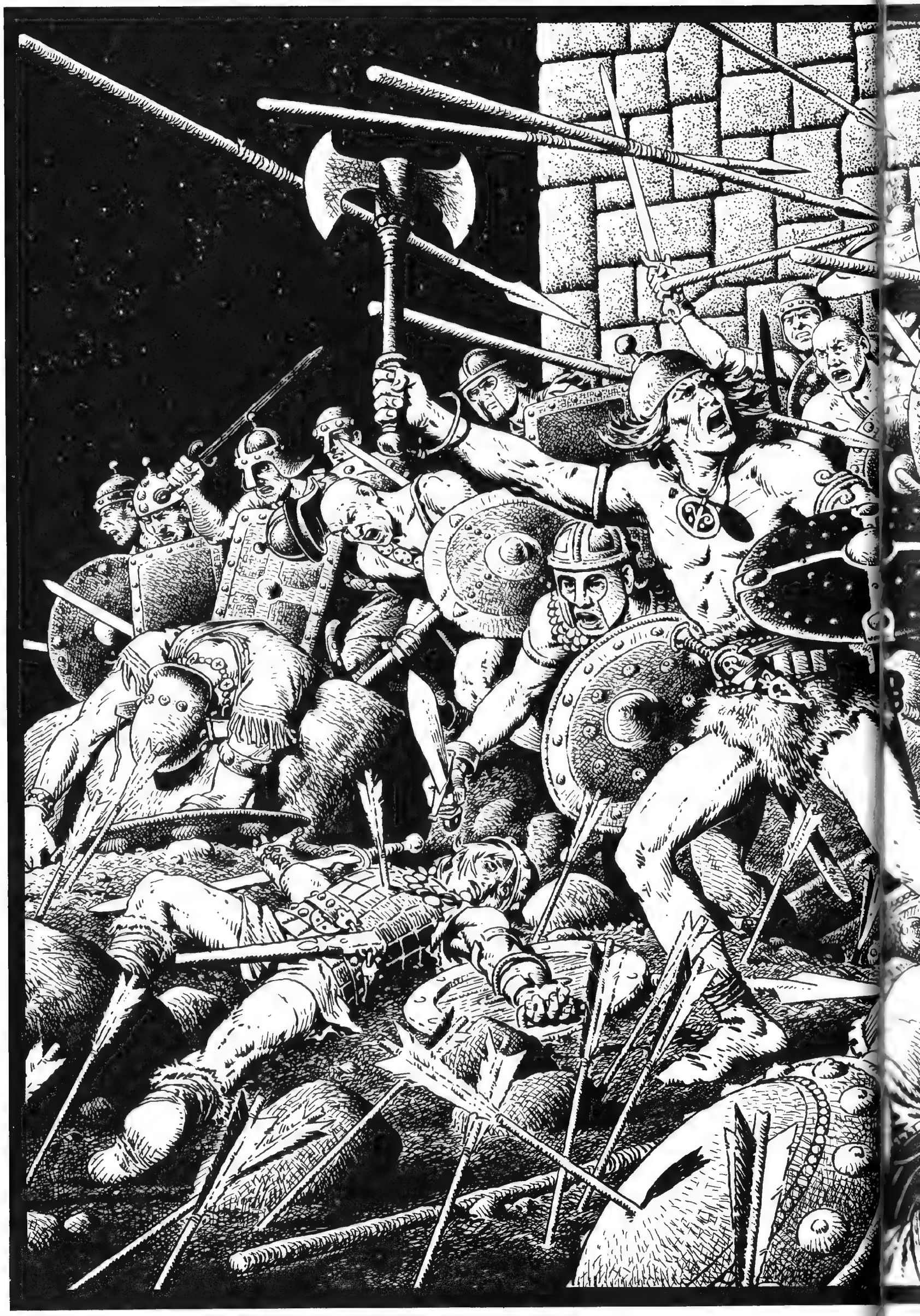

SEVERIN ©1977

IODINE! WHAT DID THAT FELLA SAY?

HE MUMBLED SOMETHING ABOUT BEING AMERICA'S **FIRST** CARTOONIST

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK

10TH ANNUAL COMIC CONVENTION

BEST WISHES FROM LITTLE IODINE ooo

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1977

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"FETCH... DAMMIT!"

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CLAMS GOT TAILS!!
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HAPPY TENTH ANNUM, PHIL!

THE FOX

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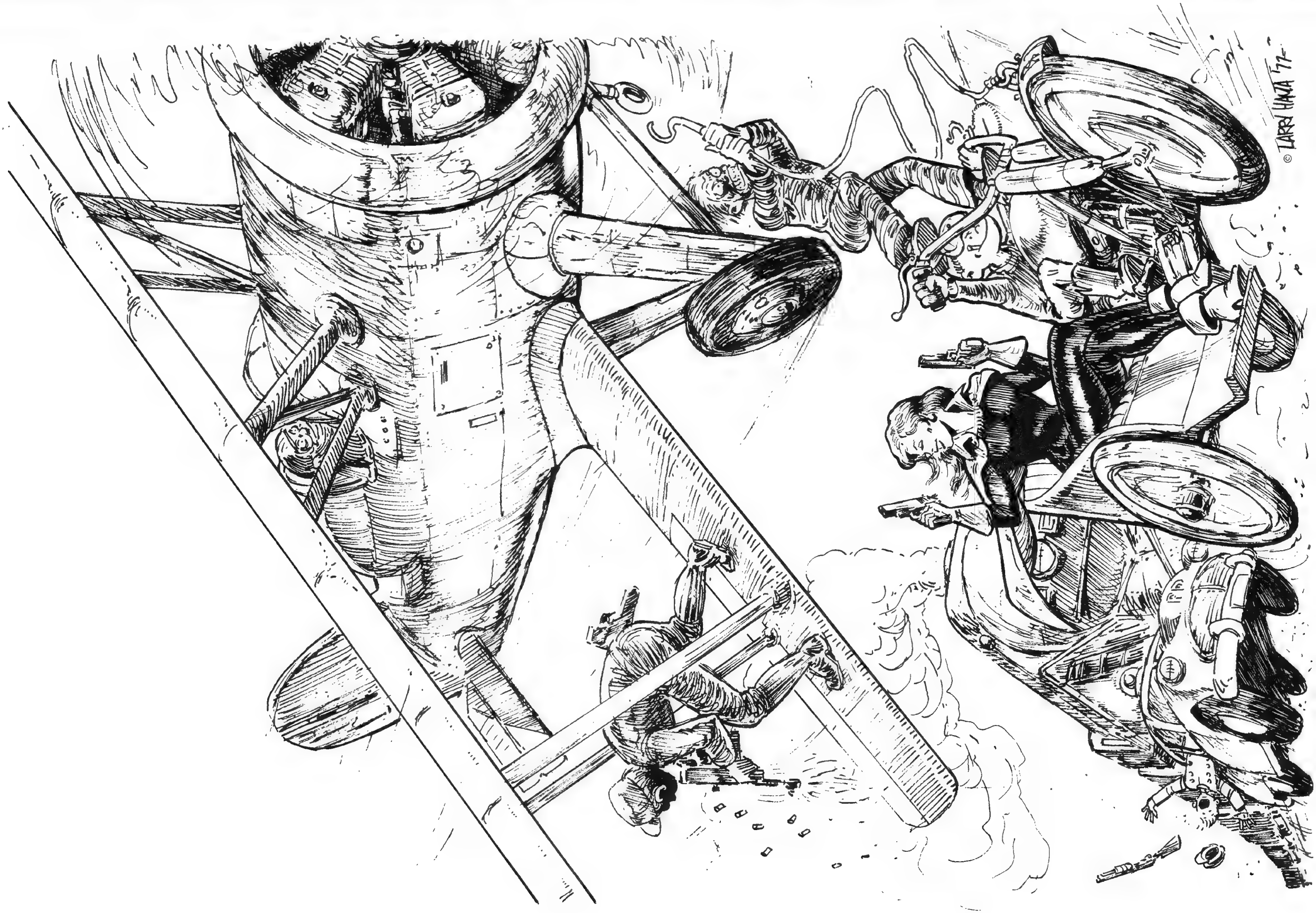
© LARRY HAMA '77

© JACK ABEL

TRINA COULDN'T MAKE IT THIS YEAR, SO SHE SENT ME INSTEAD, WITH A LIST OF SIMPLY DEEVINE MEN TO SAY HELLO TO!
PRESS
Trina Robbins '77

PABLO
MARCOS
© 77

Honeycomb Hideout
HONEY COMB
HONEY COMB

FLASH
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FLASH GORDON
GRAHAM MORROW

© John Buscema

BEST WISHES TO ALL
AT THE 1977
TENTH ANNUAL
COMIC ART CONVENTION!
Jack Kirby
©MARVEL COMICS

COMIX!?
BLACK INK
SCREECH
MEAT
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF IT!
REAL BARGAIN
GOOD
PENCIL
ROGER, PRINDLE ONE!
MEANWHILE...
TRUCK
TTAKK
NO!
Paintbrush Co. Inc.

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MANHUNTER OF MARS

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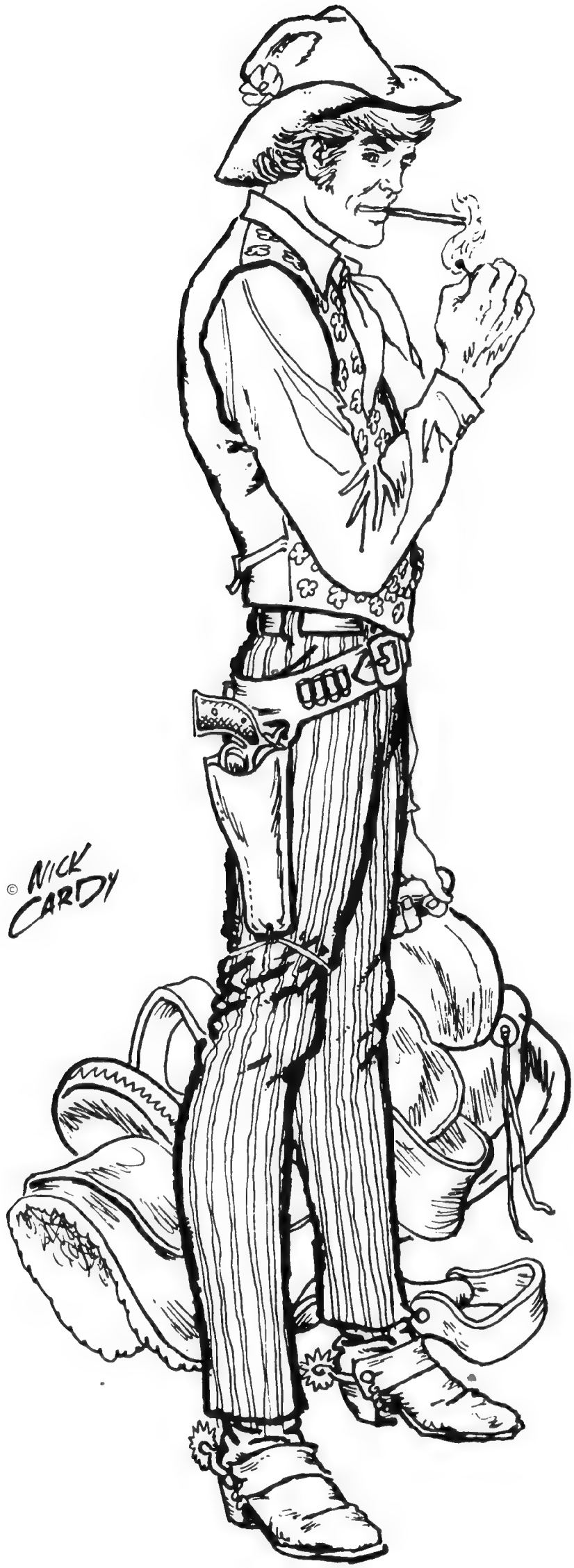
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HAZEL

"Running a fever? Better get over here, Hazel."

"You're a mighty sick girl. What are you doing out on a day like this?"

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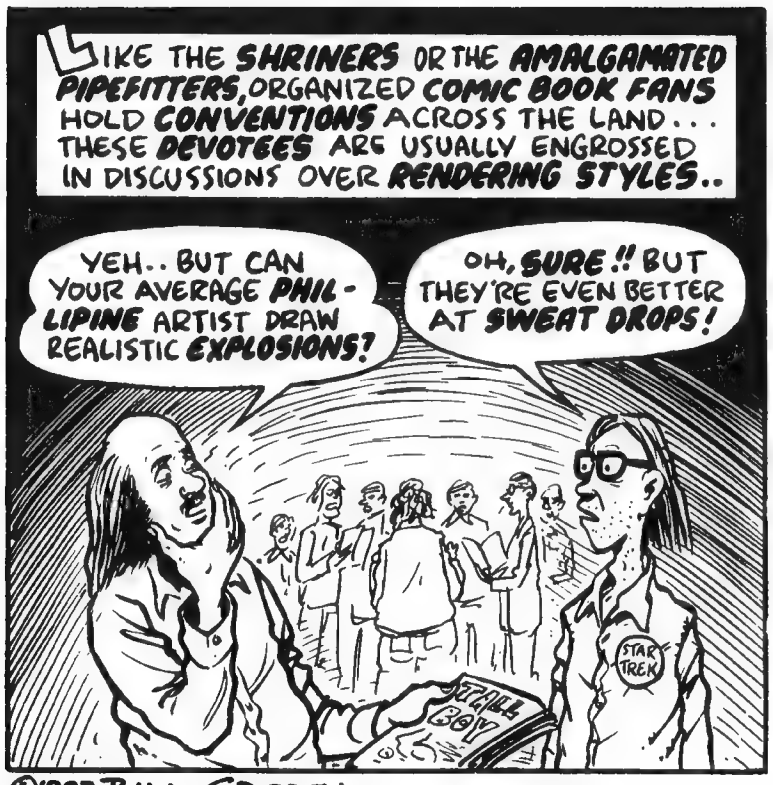
LIKE THE SHRINERS OR THE AMALGAMATED PIPEFITTERS, ORGANIZED COMIC BOOK FANS HOLD CONVENTIONS ACROSS THE LAND... THESE DEVOTEES ARE USUALLY ENGROSSED IN DISCUSSIONS OVER RENDERING STYLES..
YEH.. BUT CAN YOUR AVERAGE PHIL-LIPINE ARTIST DRAW REALISTIC EXPLOSIONS?
OH, SURE!! BUT THEY'RE EVEN BETTER AT SWEAT DROPS!
STAR TREK
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EVEN FURTHER GONE IS THE COMIC BOOK HOARDER WHO HASN'T READ A SINGLE TITLE HE OWNS.. HIS OBSESSION IS WITH COMPLETED SETS AND PROTECTING HIS NEWS-PRINT TREASURES FROM INEVITABLE YELLOWING.
A MUST-HAVE, DOUBLE-BAG ITEM !!
A MINT CONDITION MIGHTY MOUSE IN 3-D...
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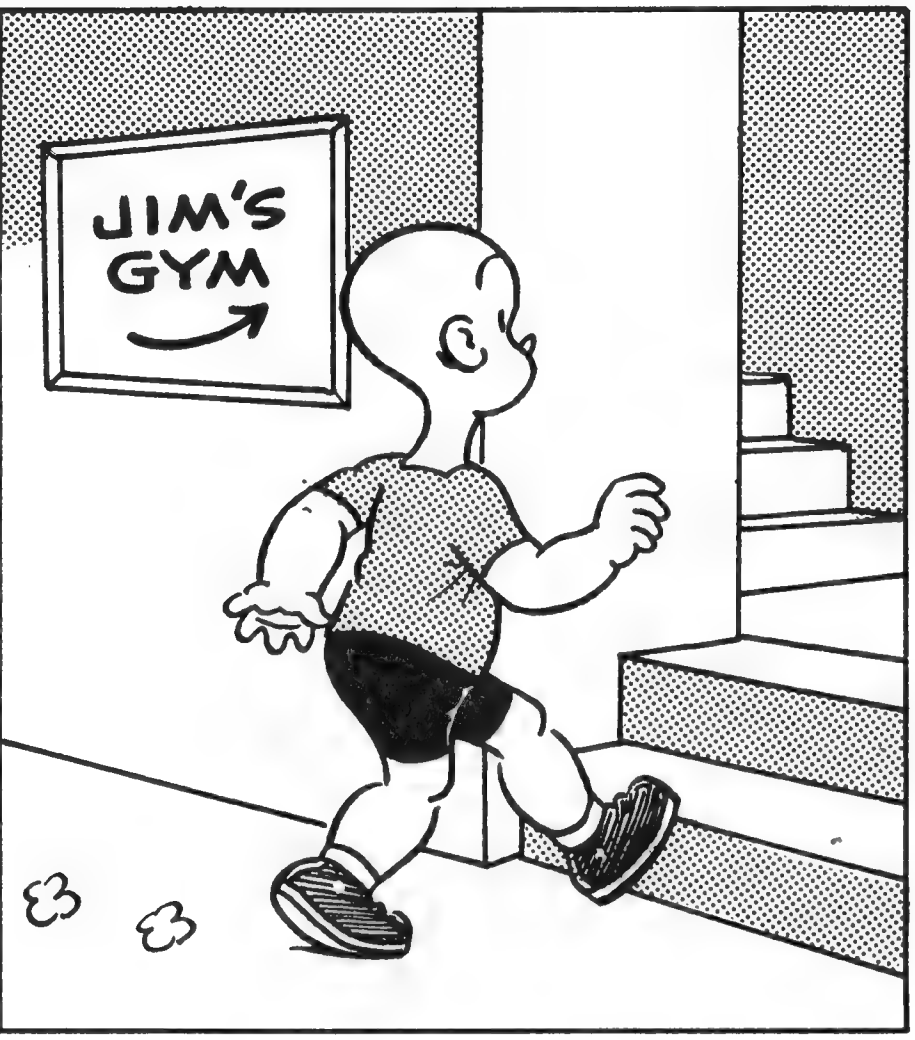
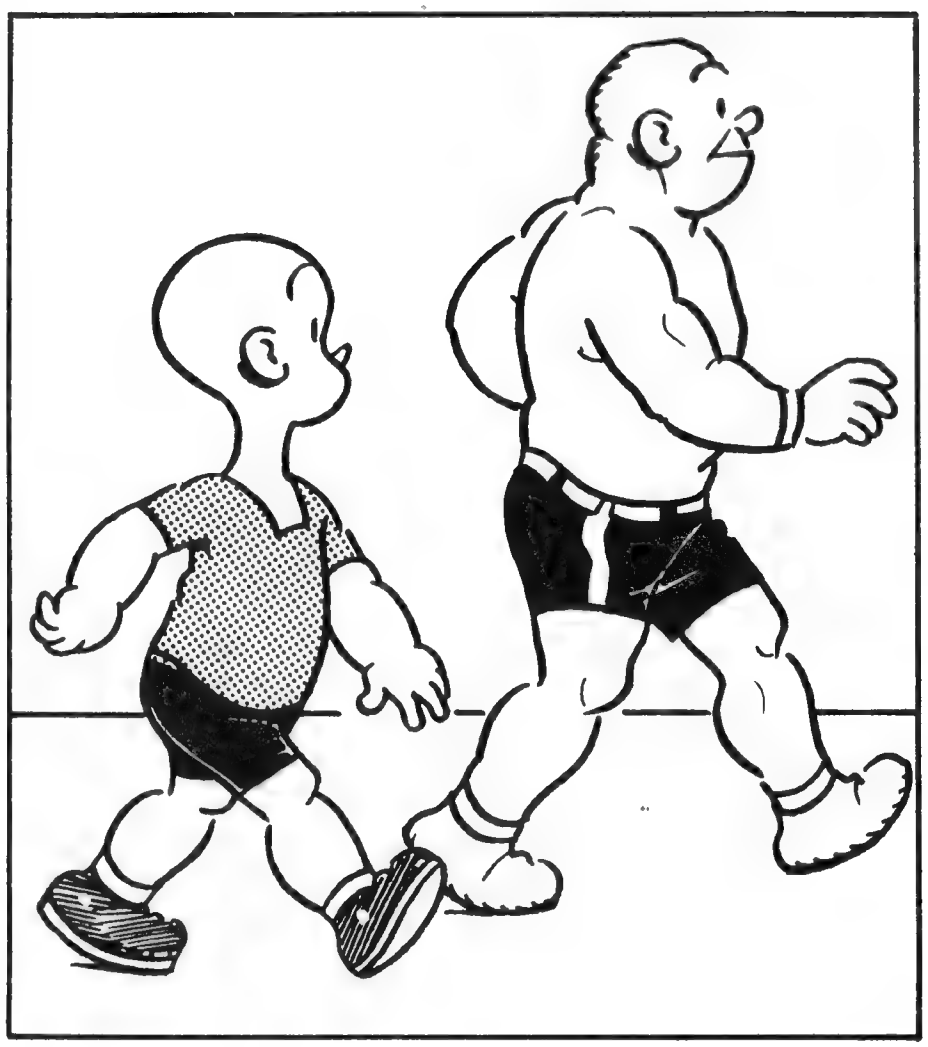
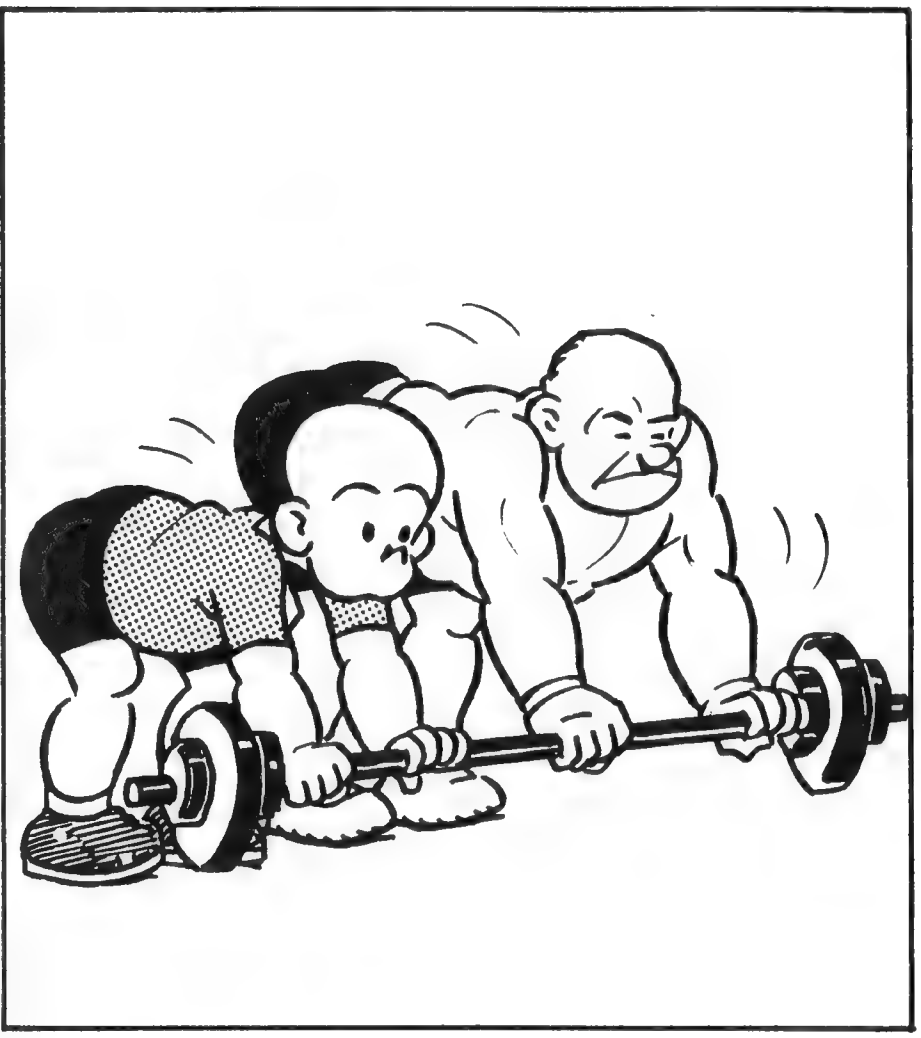
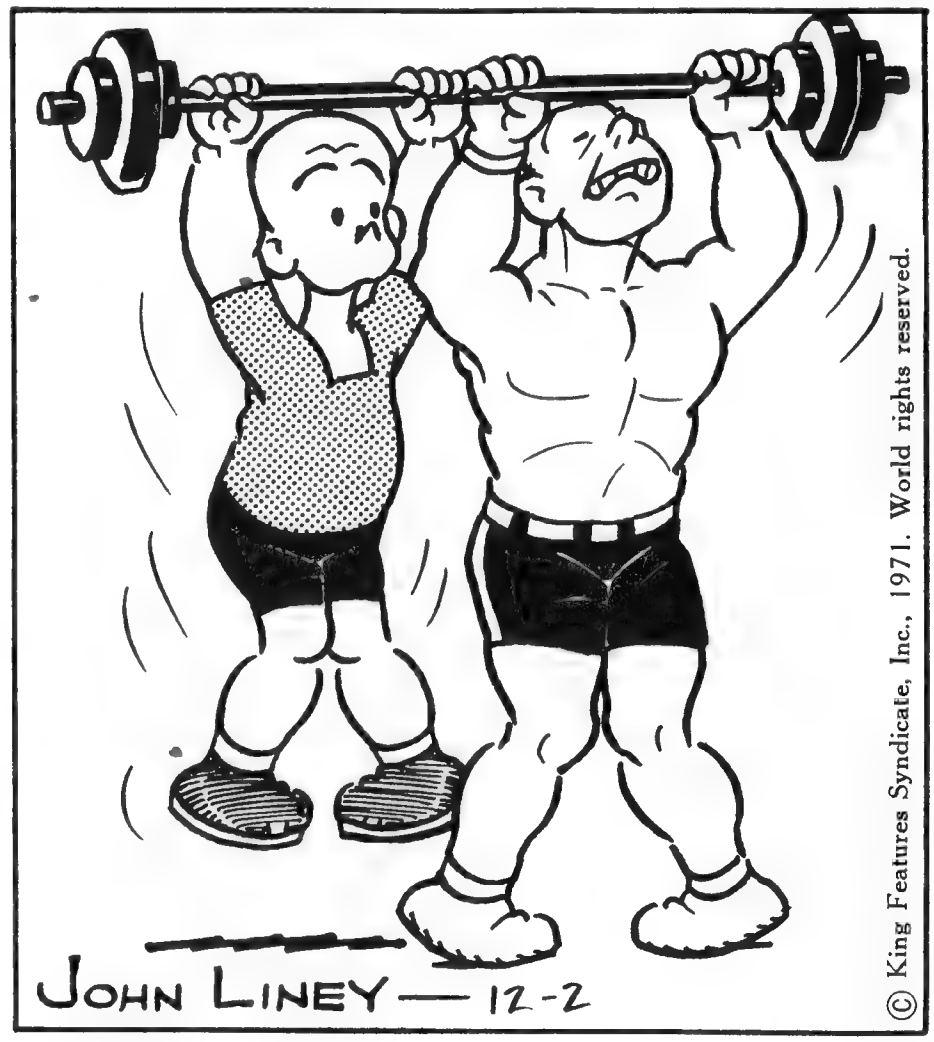
HENRY by JOHN LINEY









JOHN LINEY — 12-2

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BEST WISHES FROM JOE SINNOTT AND FRIEND

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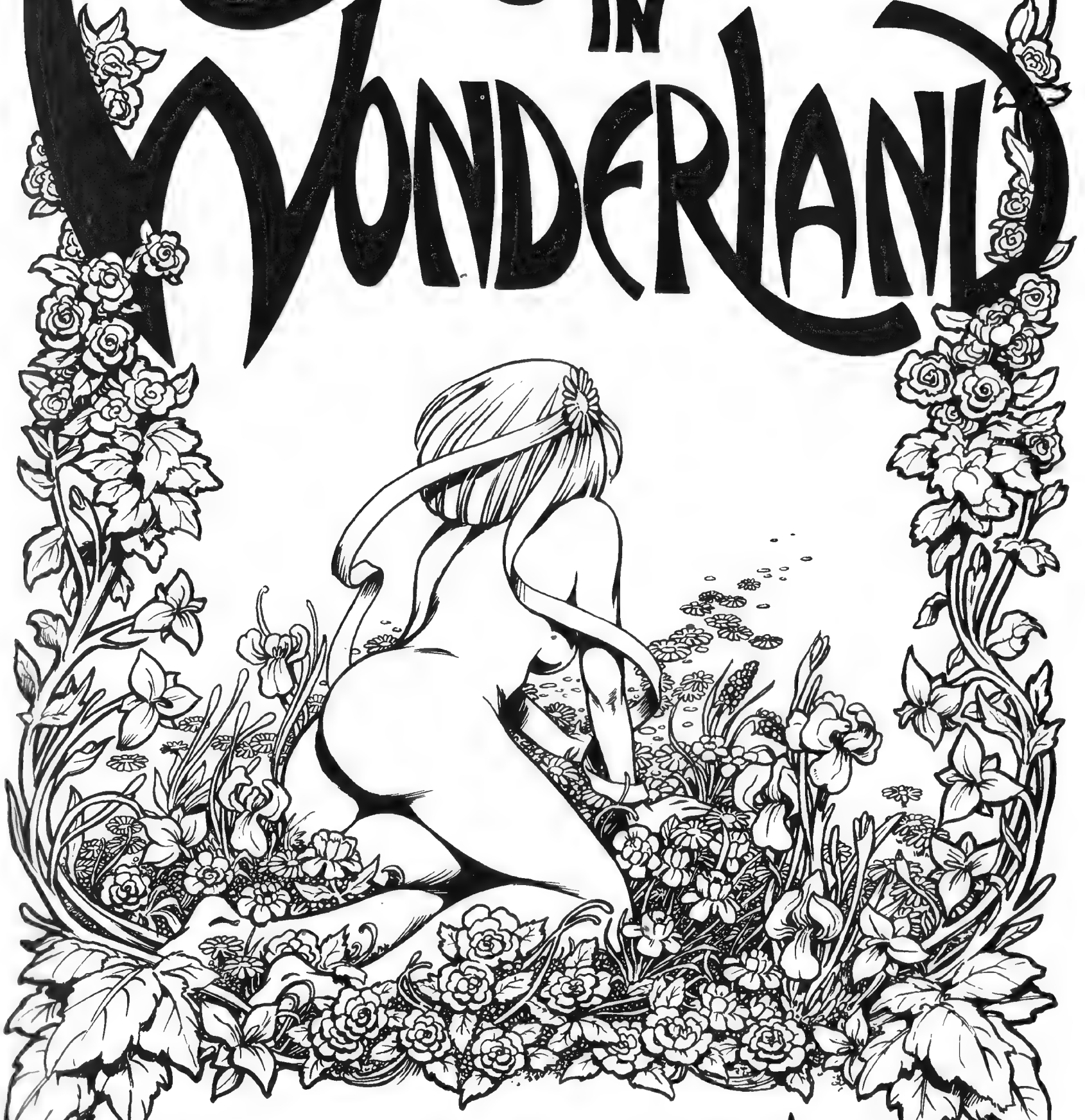
WHAT'S NICE KIDS LIKE US DOING HERE?
ARE YOU KIDDING... THIS IS THE PLACE!!
R
© STAN GOLDBERG

COMING SOON...

ALICE IN WONDERLAND



BEST WISHES ON YOUR 10th ANNIVERSARY - FRANK BRUNNER '77

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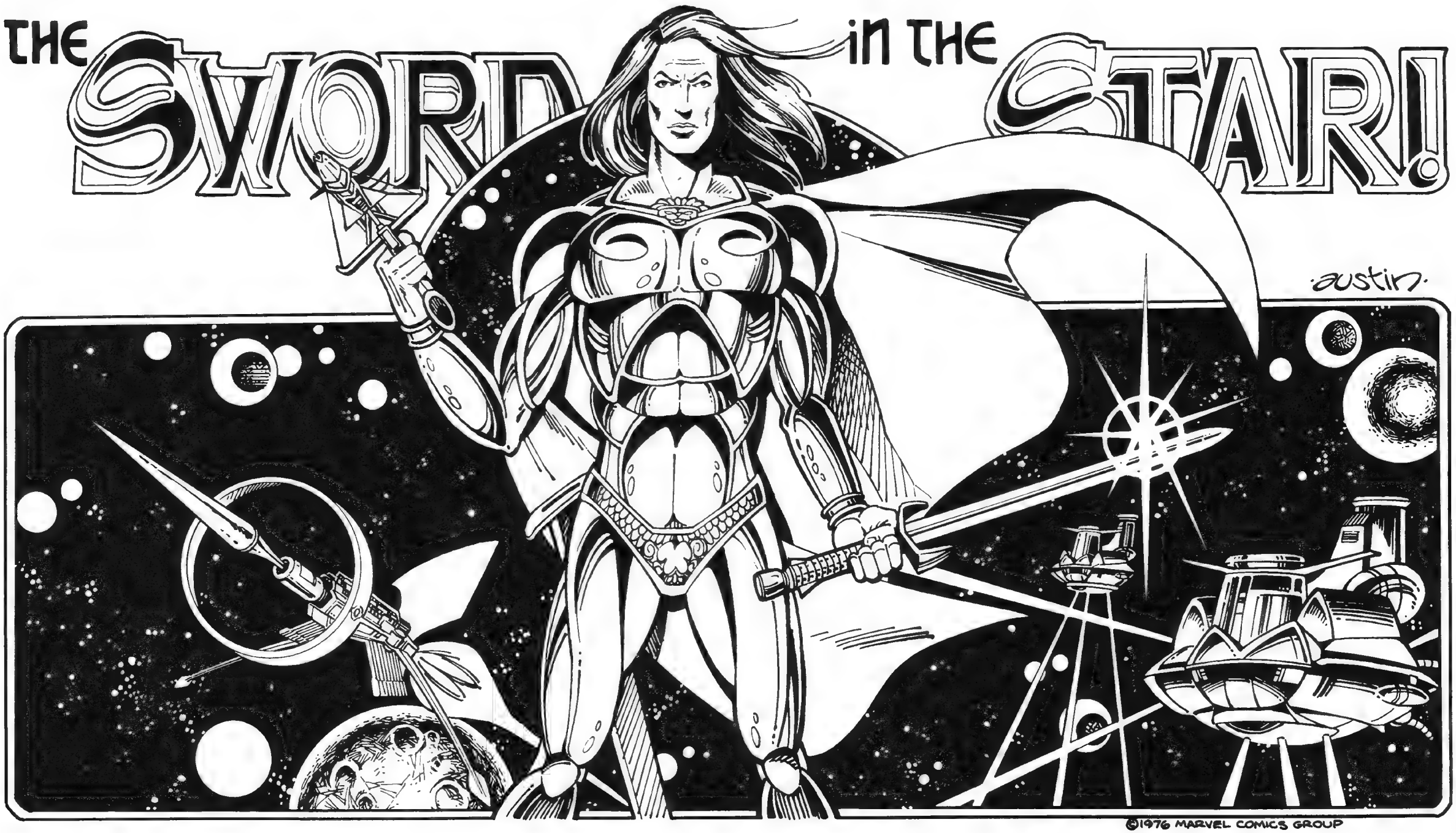

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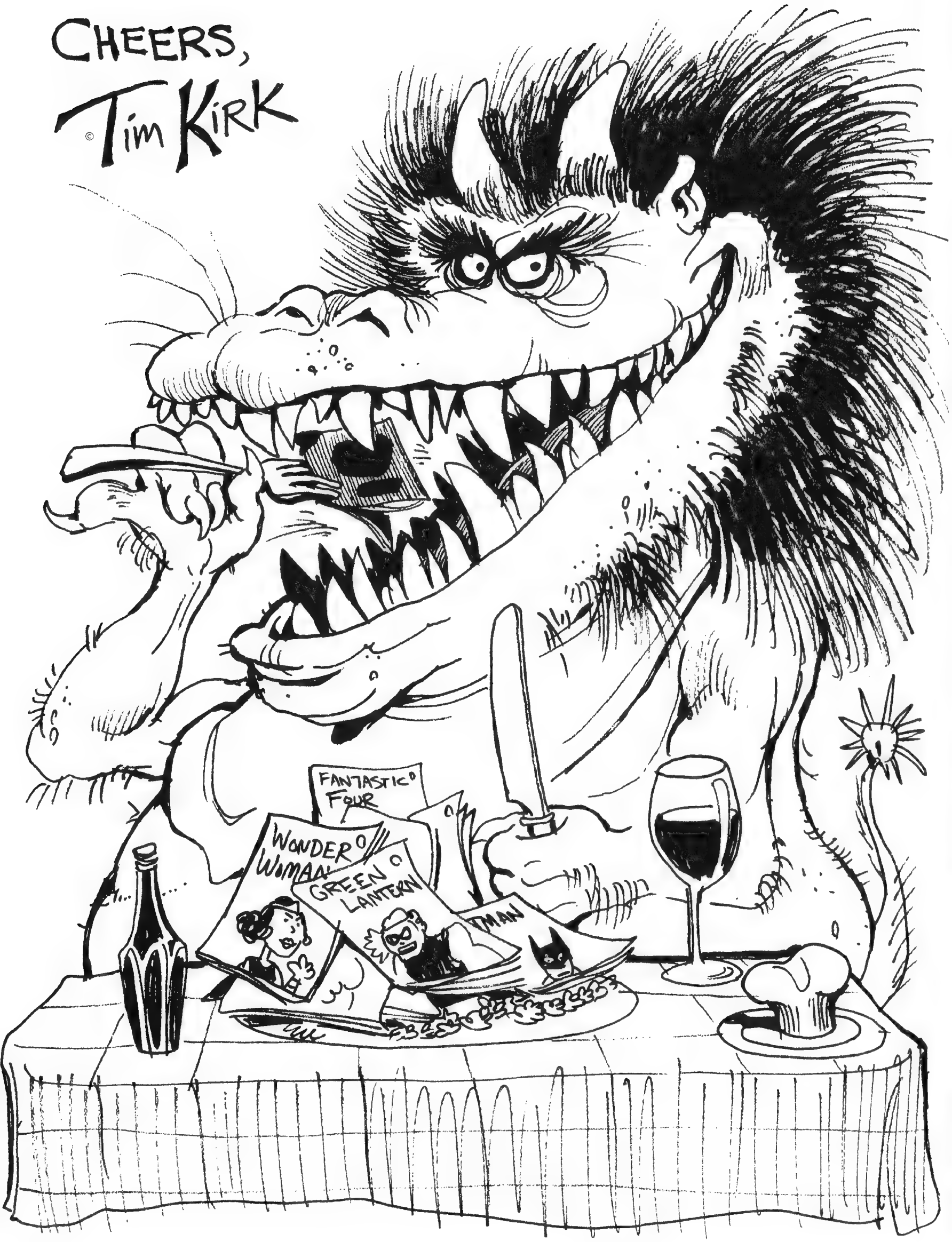
CHEERS,
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FANTASTIC FOUR
WONDER WOMAN
GREEN LANTERN
MAN

ERNIE
CHAN
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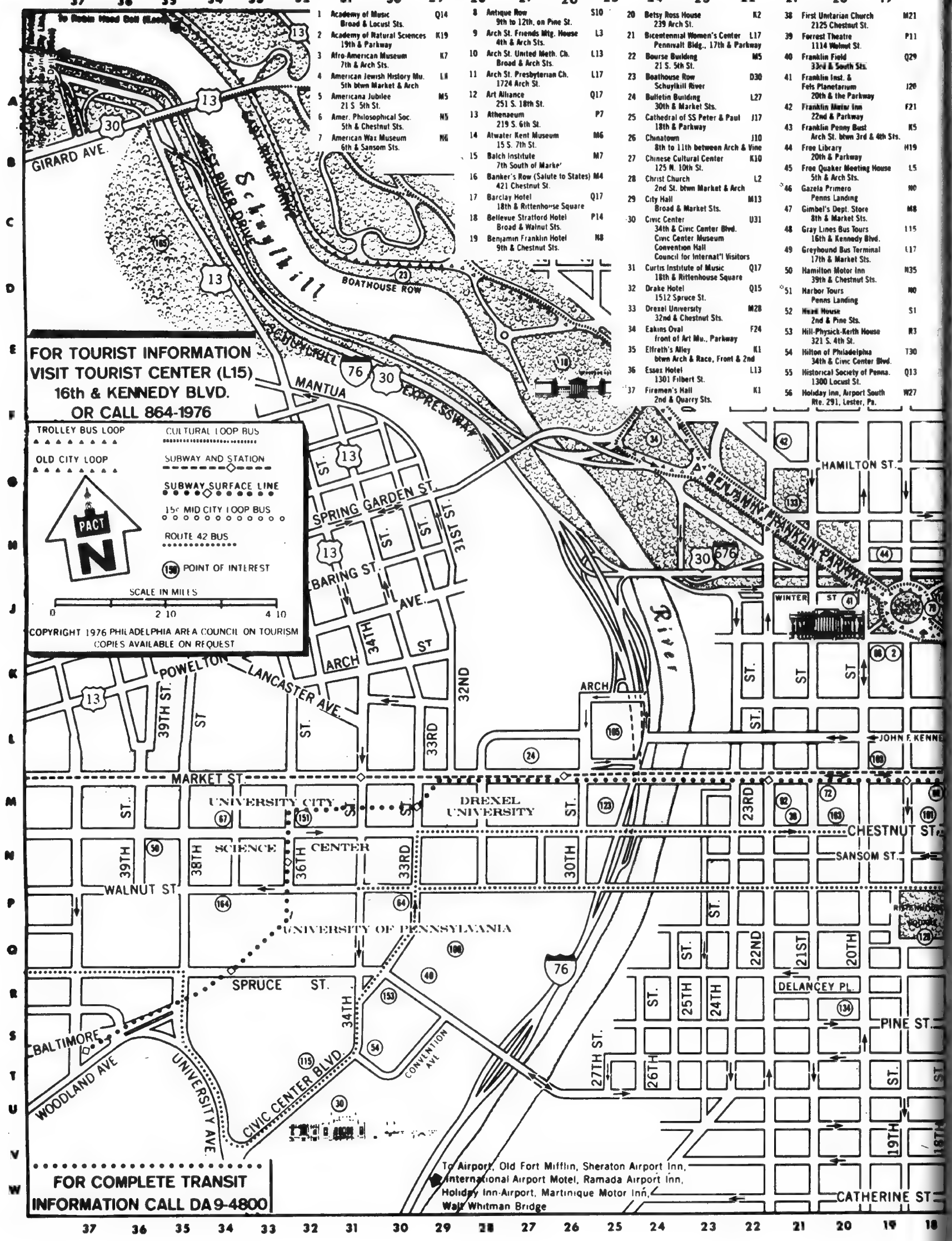
WHERE TO GO - WHAT TO SEE



1	Academy of Music Broad & Locust Sts.	Q14
2	Academy of Natural Sciences 19th & Parkway	K19
3	Afro-American Museum 7th & Arch Sts.	K7
4	American Jewish History Mu. 5th btwn Market & Arch	L8
5	Americana Jubilee 21 S. 5th St.	M5
6	Amer. Philosophical Soc. 5th & Chestnut Sts.	N5
7	American Wax Museum 6th & Sansom Sts.	M6
8	Antique Row 9th to 12th, on Pine St.	S10
9	Arch St. Friends Mtg. House 4th & Arch Sts.	L3
10	Arch St. United Meth. Ch. Broad & Arch Sts.	L13
11	Arch St. Presbyterian Ch. 1724 Arch St.	L17
12	Art Alliance 251 S. 18th St.	Q17
13	Athenaeum 219 S. 6th St.	P7
14	Atwater Kent Museum 15 S. 7th St.	M6
15	Balch Institute 7th South of Market	M7
16	Banker's Row (Salute to States) 421 Chestnut St.	M4
17	Barclay Hotel 18th & Rittenhouse Square	Q17
18	Bellevue Stratford Hotel Broad & Walnut Sts.	P14
19	Benjamin Franklin Hotel 9th & Chestnut Sts.	N8
20	Betsy Ross House 239 Arch St.	K2
21	Bicentennial Women's Center Pennsylvania Bldg., 17th & Parkway	L17
22	Bourse Building 21 S. 5th St.	M5
23	Boathouse Row Schuylkill River	D30
24	Bulletin Building 30th & Market Sts.	L27
25	Cathedral of SS Peter & Paul 18th & Parkway	J17
26	Chinatown 8th to 11th between Arch & Vine	J10
27	Chinese Cultural Center 125 N. 10th St.	K10
28	Christ Church 2nd St. btwn Market & Arch	L2
29	City Hall Broad & Market Sts.	M13
30	Civic Center 34th & Civic Center Blvd. Civic Center Museum Convention Hall Council for Internat'l Visitors	U31
31	Curtis Institute of Music 18th & Rittenhouse Square	Q17
32	Drake Hotel 1512 Spruce St.	Q15
33	Drexel University 32nd & Chestnut Sts.	M28
34	Eakins Oval front of Art Mu., Parkway	F24
35	Elfreth's Alley btwn Arch & Race, Front & 2nd	K1
36	Essex Hotel 1301 Filbert St.	L13
37	Firemen's Hall 2nd & Quarry Sts.	K1
38	First Unitarian Church 2125 Chestnut St.	M21
39	Forrest Theatre 1114 Walnut St.	P11
40	Franklin Field 33rd & South Sts.	Q29
41	Franklin Inst. & Fels Planetarium 20th & the Parkway	J20
42	Franklin Motor Inn 22nd & Parkway	F21
43	Franklin Penny Bust Arch St. btwn 3rd & 4th Sts.	K5
44	Free Library 20th & Parkway	H19
45	Free Quaker Meeting House 5th & Arch Sts.	L5
46	Gazela Primero Penns Landing	N0
47	Gimbel's Dept. Store 8th & Market Sts.	M8
48	Gray Lines Bus Tours 16th & Kennedy Blvd.	L15
49	Greyhound Bus Terminal 17th & Market Sts.	L17
50	Hamilton Motor Inn 39th & Chestnut Sts.	N35
51	Harbor Tours Penns Landing	N0
52	Head House 2nd & Pine Sts.	S1
53	Hill-Physick-Keith House 321 S. 4th St.	R3
54	Hilton of Philadelphia 34th & Civic Center Blvd.	T30
55	Historical Society of Penna. 1300 Locust St.	Q13
56	Holiday Inn, Airport South Rte. 291, Lester, Pa.	W27

IN CENTER CITY PHILADELPHIA

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Holiday Inn, City Line A37
City Line & Monument Ave.
Holiday Inn, Ind. Mall L4
4th & Arch Sts.
Holiday Inn, Midtown N13
1311 Walnut St.
Holiday Inn, Penn Center M18
18th & Market Sts.
Horticultural Society of Pa. N3
325 Walnut St.
Independence Hall N5
Chestnut btwn 5th & 6th Sts.
Institute of Cont. Art P30
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Inter. Airport Motel V29
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Latham Hotel P16
17th & Walnut Sts.
Liberty Bell Pavilion N5
Market btwn 5th & 6th Sts.
Library Company Q13
1315 Locust St.
Library Hall N4
5th S. of Chestnut

77 Lit Brothers Dept. Store L7
8th & Market Sts.
78 Living History Center K6
6th & Race Sts.
79 Logan Circle J18
Parkway btwn 18th & 20th Sts.
80 Man-Full-Of-Trouble Tavern
Museum Q1
125 Spruce St.
81 Maritime Museum M4
321 Chestnut St.
82 Marriott Motor Hotel A37
City Line & Monument Ave.
83 Martinique Motor Inn W28
24th & Penrose
84 Masonic Temple L13
Broad & Filbert Sts.
☆85 Mikveh Israel Congregation L4
4th btwn Market & Arch Sts.
86 Mikveh Israel Cemetary Q8
Spruce btwn 8th & 9th Sts.
87 Mint (U.S.) K4
5th & Arch Sts.
88 Moore College of Art K19
20th & Race Sts.
89 Mother Bethel AME Church S5
419 S. 6th St.
90 Mummers Museum W2
2nd & Washington
91 Municipal Services Bldg. L14
15th & Kennedy
92 Mutter Museum M22
19 S. 22nd St.
93 Navy Yard W13
Foot of Broad St.
94 New Locust Theatre P14
1411 Locust St.
95 New Market S1
btwn Front & 2nd, Pine & Lombard

96 Old First Reformed Church J3
4th & Race Sts.
97 Old Ft. Mifflin W29
SW Phila.
98 Old Swede's Church W0
(Gloria Dei)
Delaware & Washington
☆99 Olympia (USS) N-0
Penns Landing
100 Palestra Q29
33rd N. of South St.
101 Peale House of Penna. Academy M19
of Fine Arts
1811 Chestnut St.
102 Penn Center L15
btwn 15th & 20th, Kennedy &
Market
103 Penn Center Inn L19
20th & Market Sts.
104 Penn Central (Suburban) Sta. L16
16th & Kennedy
105 Penn Central (30th St.) Sta. L25
30th & Market Sts.
☆106 Penns Landing L0
Delaware S. of Race St.
107 Penn Mutual Observation Deck P5
6th & Walnut Sts.
108 Penna. Academy of Fine Arts K14
Broad & Cherry Sts.
109 Pennsylvania Hospital R8
8th & Spruce Sts.
110 Perelman Antique Toy Mu. Q1
270 S. 2nd St.
111 Phila-Balt-Wash Stock Exch. N17
17th & Sansom Sts.
112 Phila. College of Art R14
Broad & Pine Sts.
113 Phila. Dance Academy Q10
1035 Spruce St.

114 Philadelphia Exchange N2
3rd & Walnut Sts.
115 Phila. General Hospital T32
34th & Civic Center Blvd.
116 Philadelphia Hilton Inn W10
10th & Packer
117 Phila. International Airport W29
Route 291
118 Phila. Museum of Art F26
26th & Parkway
119 Phila. Veterans Stadium W13
Broad & Pattison
120 Playhouse in the Park A37
West Fairmount Park
121 Poe House F7
530 N. 7th St.
122 Police Headquarters K7
8th & Race Sts.
POST OFFICES:
123 30th & Market Sts. M25
124 9th & Market Sts. M9
125 Powel House Q3
244 S. 3rd St.
126 Presbyterian Historical Soc. S4
425 Lombard St.
127 Ramada Airport Inn W25
Route 291, Essington, Pa.
128 Reading Terminal L11
12th & Market Sts.
128 Reading Terminal Market L11
11th & 12th & Filbert
129 Rittenhouse Square P18
18th & Walnut Sts.
130 Robin Hood Dell (East) A35
Fairmount Park
☆131 Robin Hood Dell (West) A35
Fairmount Park

132 Norman Rockwell Museum M6
6th & Walnut Sts
133 Rodin Museum G21
22nd & Parkway
134 Rosenbach Museum R20
2010 Delancey St.
135 St. George's Church J3
235 N. 4th St.
136 St. Joseph's Church P3
4th & Walnut Sts.
137 St. Mark's Church P16
1625 Locust St.
138 St. Mary's Church Q4
244 S. 4th St.
139 St. Peter's Church S3
3rd & Pine Sts.
140 Sheraton Airport Inn W27
Airport Circle
141 Sheraton Hotel L17
17th & Kennedy
142 Shubert Theatre Q14
250 S. Broad St.
143 Sister Cities Plaza H18
18th & Parkway
144 Society Hill R2
145 Society Hill Playhouse T7
507 S. 8th St.
146 Spectrum W13
Broad & Pattison
147 Strawbridge & Clothier L8
Dept. Store
8th & Market Sts.
148 Tomb of Unknown Soldier of the P6
American Revolution
7th St. S. of Walnut
149 Tourist Center L15
1525 Kennedy Blvd.
150 Trailways Bus Terminal K13
13th & Arch Sts.

151 University City Holiday Inn M11
36th & Chestnut Sts
152 University City Science Ctr L32
3401 Market St
153 University Museum R30
33rd & Spruce Sts
154 University of Pennsylvania P30
34th & Walnut Sts
155 U S O Center M12
105 S 12th St
156 Visitors Center N7
3rd & Chestnut Sts
157 Walnut Street Theatre N11
9th & Walnut Sts
158 Wanamaker Dept Store M13
13th & Market Sts
159 Warwick Hotel P17
17th & Locust Sts
160 Winery U1
2nd & South Sts
161 Young Men's Christian Assn K14
15th & Arch Sts
162 Young Men's & Women's S13
Hebrew Assn
Broad & Pine Sts.
163 Young Women's Christian Assn M7U
2027 Chestnut St
164 Zellerbach Theatre P34
37th & Walnut Sts
165 Zoological Gardens C34
34th & Girard

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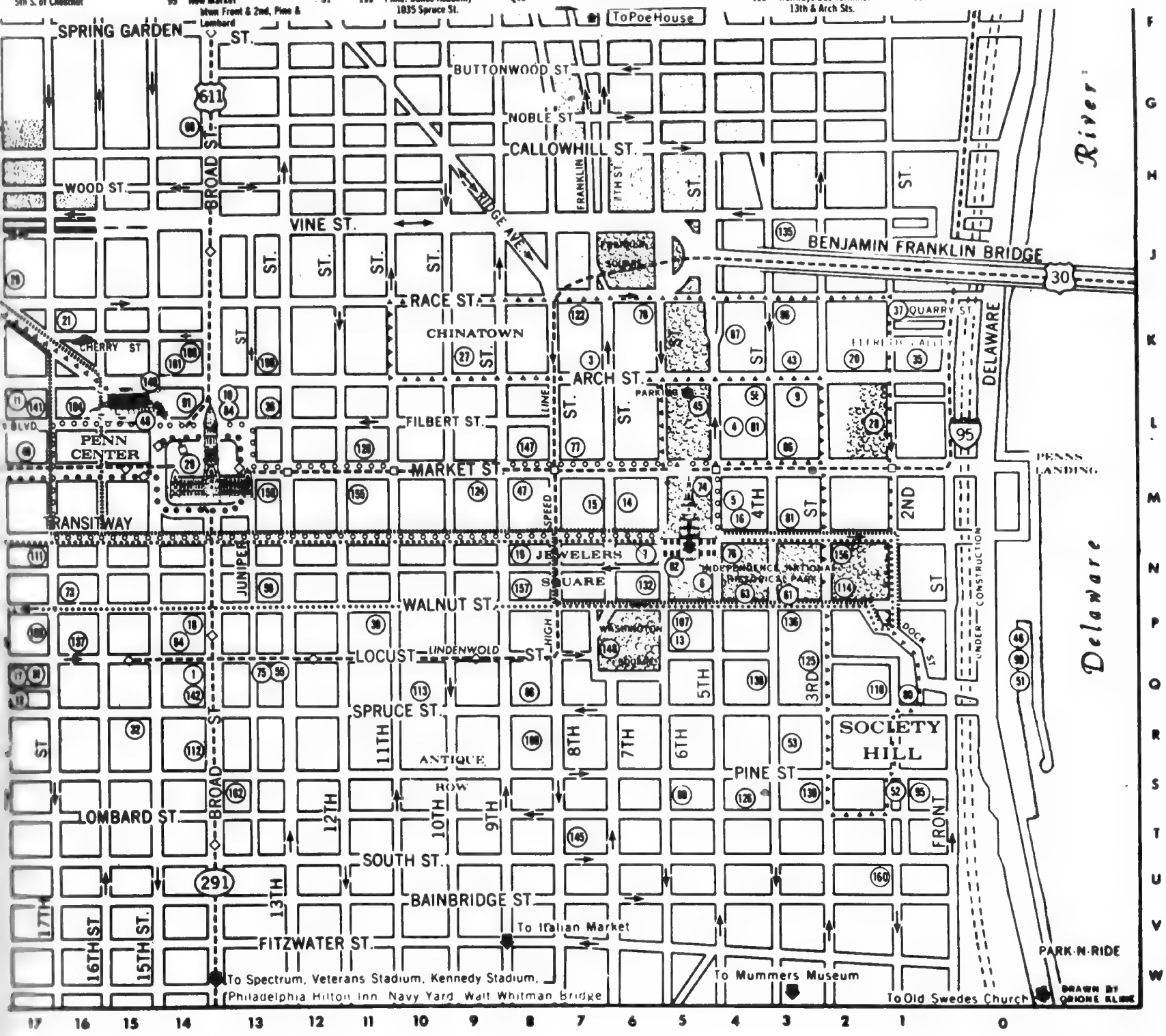
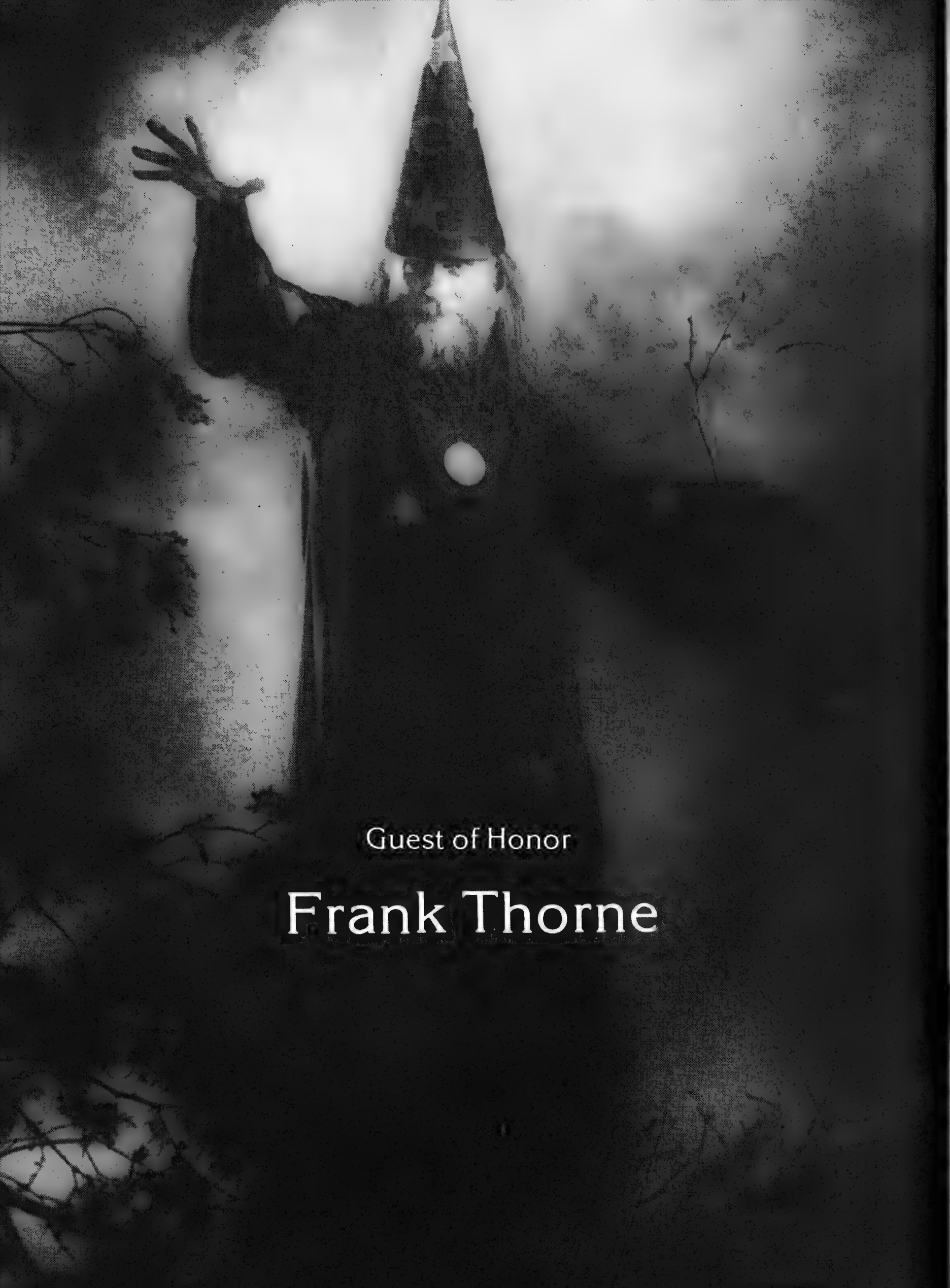




Guest of Honor

Frank Thorne

MY LIFE AND TIMES WITH THE GIRL IN THE IRON BIKINI

by Frank Thorne--A.K.A. The Wizard.

"Improbable" was the word Phil Seuling used to describe Red onja and her miraculous rise to stardom. A good word to describe once-in-a-lifetime fantasy character. Unique, inimitable, unmatched, archetypal would also be fitting adjectives to describe the first lady of sword and sorcery.

This woman, spawned from a magnificent seed in the writings of obert E. Howard of forty years ago, has moved (in barely two ears as a regular comic heroine) to a position of pre-eminence in he genre.

It was two years ago that Roy Thomas called me in to the Marvel ffices to discuss a "project." I arrived, not knowing what Roy had n mind. that day I met Sonja and fell in love; hopelessly, madly. eeing Sonja was enough. I knew instantly that this was greatness. A classic character that would rank with Tarzan. Her personality at nce perverse, selfish, forgiving, star-crossed. Incapable of love? ay nay! But what a confrontation! The male ego, and the eautiful, full-bodied woman with all her feminine attributes so apparently vulnerable and yet so consumately defended by her own rticulate sword arm.

SONJA...Even the spelling was so right. A further tribute to the enius of Roy Thomas, her architect and escort from the pulps to he comics. The Howard Sonja was spelled Sonya. Ah, but even hat "J" adds that magical something to her; linked with "RED" the ame becomes an incantation! Red = claret, blood, passion, heat, iolence...Sonja = intriguing, Byzantine, cultic, exotic...

Red Sonja...the perfect name for the perfect body with the imerfect personality. Kafka would have loved her as many of our modern writers do. She moves effortlessly into the lives of intenely creative people. They recognize her instantly. She is a song cross the ages. An ode of swift, sure, violent retribution.

Deaconess of hell; mistress of miasmic mists; piping all the while the melody of her past. While still a child, Sonja was raped. She swore, in a vision, never to love a man lest he first defeat her with sword.Classic, festering desperation. The primal woman facing all mankind.

No idealist, no super powers, Sonja weeps for no one; thirsts for a ruby, an agate, a gem. She celebrates life as robustly as the grand-uncle of Bacchus, and could easily drink him under the table cursing him on the way down.

With Howard Chaykin's origin issue of Sonja as my only inspiration, I set out to draw Marvel Feature #2. It wasn't 'til issues 3 and 4 that I began to gather the Smith, Adams-Chan, Buscema material on the early Sonja.

The first couple of outings with Sonja were a gut reaction. The initial spark of fire. I fell headlong into it. TOTALLY! I sang her, spoke her, ran with her; raised her up. She returned the compliment by flowing out of my pores. I couldn't and still can't HELP but draw her. It just flows out. In 25 years nothing came that way. From a deeper source. For the first time I got out of the way of myself.And in doing so, Sonja steps into history.

This then is my testament to the craft I love. There will never be another Sonja for me, a grey-haired old loon. So take her while you can! She comes by the yard. Woven by mysterious forces. A singular loom in a deep ravine of this poor, possessed mind.

The further eroding of my senses is evidenced by my attire of late. Conical hat and wizard's robe. A likely combination for an entertainment. Sonja and the wizard. Perfect! Thorne is an entertainer. A story-teller. What I do has little relation to art; for though they call me that, I am not an artist. An entertainer with pictures; a weaver of dreams; nothing more. Thus the wizard's suit, and all the hambone harangues make sense. They fit. It's show biz pure and simple.

"Improbable" indeed. At first the outlook was guarded at Marvel. I feel that they expected three or four issues at most. They as much as told me so. Sonja hung in there. Tenaciously, of course. Sales were satisfactory. She was holding her own. That in itself was an achievement in that Marvel, until Sonja, never had a heroine that lasted more than 4 issues. People--important people--were beginning to take notice.

MEANWHILE, I went totally MAD--had a song written, and went about preparing a world premiere of "The Ballad of Red Sonja" and--met my first LIVE Sonja--Angelique Trouvere. Angie came to the nightclub for the premiere and in the Sonja costume she was superb. At once sexy, mysterious, coquettish, with a slight Russian accent. We did a schtick--about 20 minutes of banter which was the forerunner of the later Sonja shows.

We packed the place with fans and freaked out the bewildered clientele. It was a success. We got our first print coverage and dragged in producers from three t.v. stations. The song night set the tone for what was to come. Sonja was electric. The enormous potential was beginning to throb.

Then came SONJA CON! -- The first ever major comic art convention in honor of a single comic character. A daring concept. But

Sonja s momentum, her growing fans and the uniqueness of it all carried it beyond expectations.

SONJA CON was covered by three t.v. hook-ups. The print coverage extended from the major Philadelphia dailies to most of southern Jersey's papers. Things were REALLY beginning to move.

We now had the Sonja record, tee-shirts, Sonja buttons, a Sonja poster and best of all - Wendy Pini, the winner of the Sonja look-alike contest. Wendy, competing against four girls, all in Sonja garb, won with style and poise as the perfect embodiment of Sonja.

Marvel management felt the time had come to give Sonja her own book so after seven issues as "Marvel Features presents Red Sonja", she now had a book of her own. Red Sonja #1. What a miracle! What a woman! What a series!

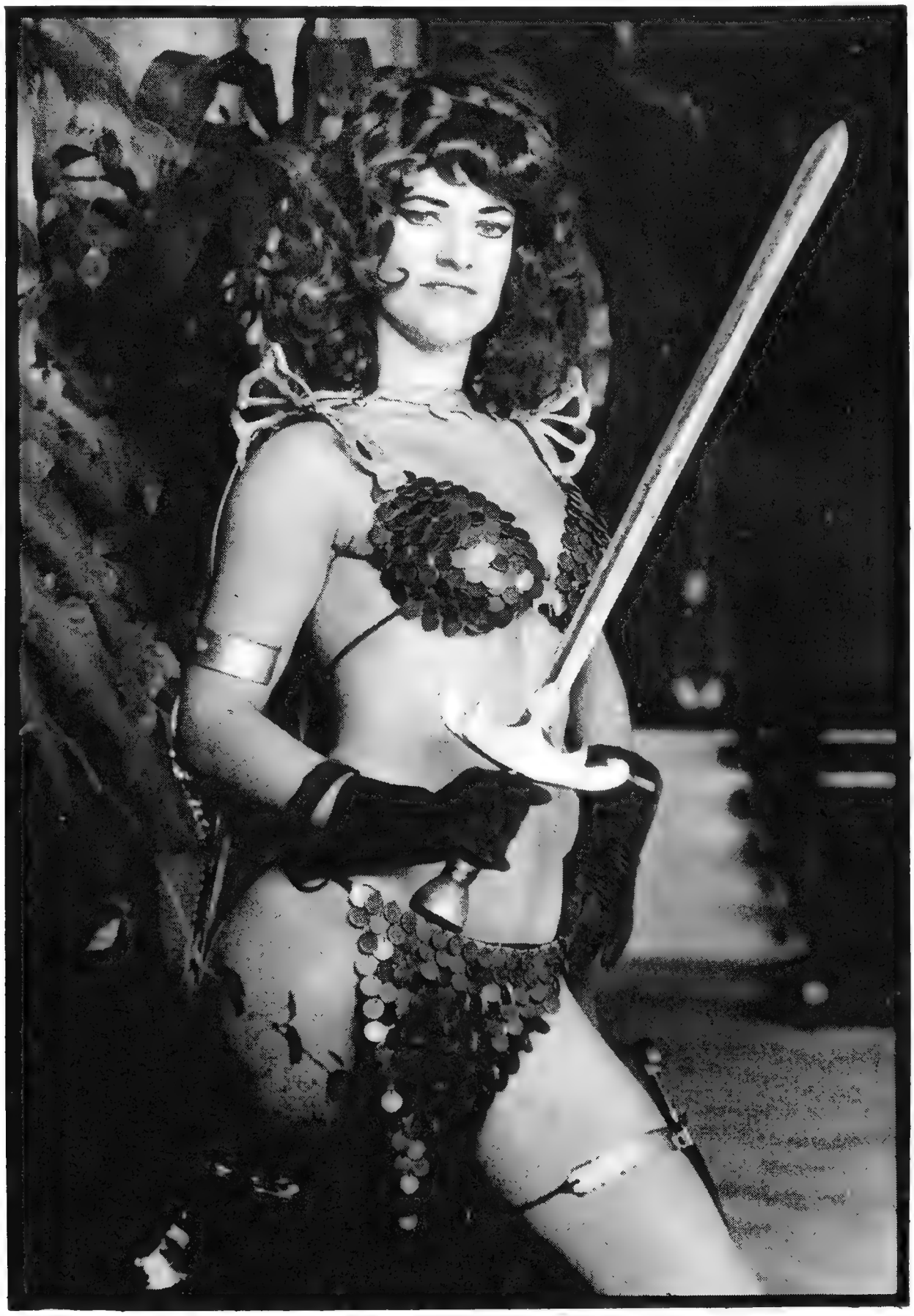
My position has been, from the beginning, that of doing the drawing and promoting Sonja. "Chief flack" is what Circus magazine called me. I'm honored, and also lucky to have annoyed, cajoled, and perpetuated Sonja into the pages of national magazines.

That's where it's at. PROMOTION. With CIRCUS, CRAWDADDY, OUI, ESQUIRE, ARGOSY, and the like doing Sonja stories, the redhead really started to roll.

The Sonja-Wizard show idea is a natural for comic-art conventions. Hence, Sonja and Wizard in Boston in April of this year; May in N.Y.C.'s "Creation"; July at Phil's biggie - (the 10th Annual Seuling Con); August in N.J.; October-Boston's New Con.; and back to the Statler in Manhattan in November.

With the Conan movie under way Sonja will make her way to the silver screen. Stan Lee is featuring her in his latest book for Simon and Shuster, Super Women, wherein Marvel Feature #4 will be reprinted in its entirety.

Very exciting! And there is a lot more to come. For -- Mitra bless her -- she is still a fledgling. But she's come a long way, baby!



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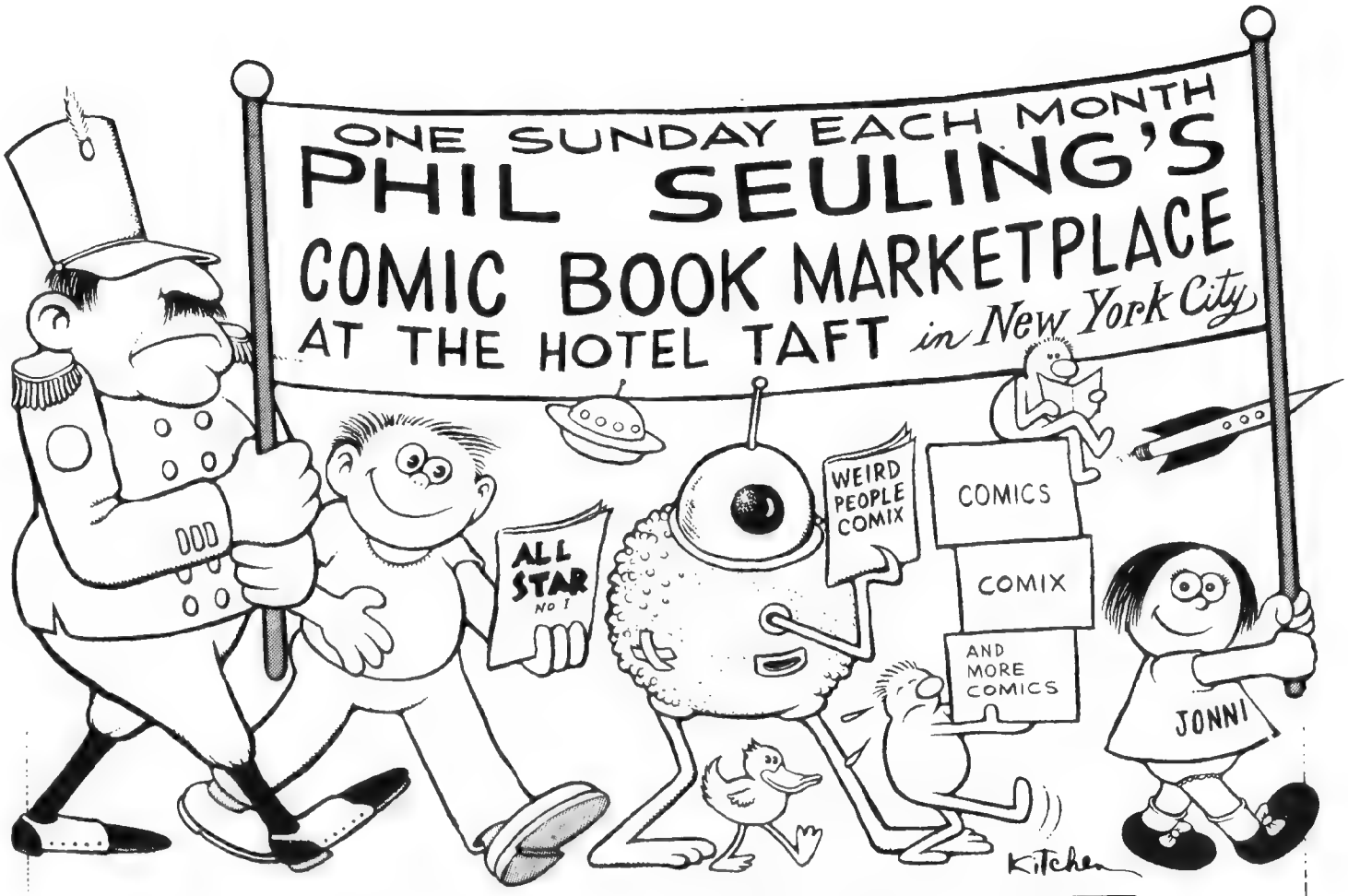

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The Costumers

By Jim Burns

One Annual Comic Art Convention event that everybody comes to see is the costume parade. The function consists of several people who have dressed themselves up as various fictional characters to compete for prizes. Cash is awarded to the top contestants, but most of the costumers participate for pleasure.

What brings special interest to the activity is the people that make it happen. Albeit many fans will try constructing a costume only once, several people enter the costume parade very year, and spend several months' time preparing their outfits. Through these efforts a special branch of con-goers has developed, unofficially known as "costume fandom." Many of the members have been featuring their designs at July Con for many years.

Perhaps some of the get-together's most vivid impressions have been offered by lovely Angelique Trouvere. Destiny, as she sometimes likes to be called, has characterized such female heroines as Vampirella, Satana, and Red Sonja.

"At July Con '72," explains Angelique, "I came across a copy of Vampirella magazine. I had never seen the magazine before. I had always read comics and loved general science fiction. I really liked the Vampirella character. I believe Trina Robbins, a wonderful feminist underground artist, had helped design Vampy's costume. I noticed that there was a slight resemblance between myself and Vampirella, so I got in touch with a costume maker friend of mine and we decided to try to put together a Vampirella costume. I don't know exactly why I wanted to do it--I guess just for ego tripping. I figured I'd walk around the convention's dealers room in costume and maybe go to a party or two. I had some convention friends who I thought would probably appreciate it.

"At the next convention I went to, I picked up a giant six-foot poster of the character. I grabbed it immediately and took the poster back home to show my costume maker friend. We started really working hard on the outfit. It took us a long time, but we finally got it together.

"I had been looking for jewelry similar to Vampy's, but I couldn't find it anywhere. I wound up making the earrings out of papier maché, and I modified the bracelets out of Woolworth's material. The costume was all very home made.

"At one of the conventions preceding July Con '73, I wore the costume under a long maxi-coat. I walked up to my dealer friends and went--flash! Everybody fell off their chairs! You see, I had never known about the costume parade.I only used to come to the conventions for about a day or two, and never really got into the activities. I would only trade and buy comics and rap with the dealers.

"At July Con '73, one of my friends came running up to me and said, 'Angelique, you've got to enter this costume thing.' I said, 'What costume thing?' They explained that there was a costume contest in just two days. I wasn't sure that I should wear my Vampirella outfit. I didn't know if I'd be breaking any copyright laws. Finally, I decided to do it. The day of the event, I got in costume and was walking around backstage. I didn't know what to do; it was my first time."

Ironically, Destiny almost didn't get on stage. "You know, Vampirella's costume is cut very tight, and is kind of skimpy, as per the design. A parent had seen me prior to the function's start and complained to Phil (Seuling) that I shouldn't be let on stage, what with children in the audience. Phil was forced into a situation where he

ad to ask me to cover up a bit more.

"I didn't know what to do. Luckily, a friend of mine came up with n idea. He ran downstairs towards the local drugstore and bought box of flesh colored band aids. We figured that the band aids ould cover me up while still not totally ruining the costume's ef-ct. Today, after four years of costuming experience, I know what hat outfit looked like! Everytime I see a picture of me in that ostume, I kind of sigh."

In 1974, Angelique's Satana costume tied for third place with a awkgirl outfit created by her close friend, Chris Lundi. Chris had een designing costumes for many years, and initially performed ompetitively at the first Star Trek con.

"When I did Hawkgirl," says Chris, "I had to put two pounds of down on the costume's wings, twenty-four hours before the con-ention. Whenever I do costumes, I wind up doing much of the ork at the last minute. I'm always late. I cut all my time too short. sually it takes me forty-eight hours of straight work to complete a ostume. I do my costumes so fast that the most I've ever worked n a costume was five days straight. Maybe I'll work on the frame nd the initial design months before, but I always wait until the last minute to finish it. Before the costume parade, sometimes we have three or four people changing in one room. We sit around and get hysterical.

"At the conventions, I usually make costumes which look like metal but that are actually made of papier maché. Angelique has helped me a lot with costume making. She's introduced me to many things I didn't know about.

"Originally, getting involved with the costume calls was all sort of fun and games," said the perky young blonde, somewhat disparagingly. "I wanted to get in on the party."

At that time, Chris was studying to become a professional artist. She worked commercially and even produced material for an airline publication. "As time went on, I began to enjoy making the costumes more and more. Now, I want to be a professional costume designer."

When asked if she could relate to any humorous experiences involving Comic Art Con costuming, Chris replied smilingly: "When I did Hawkgirl, I had finished putting the feathers on her wings and left the remaining down in a friend's room. That evening, when I went outside to get some food, there were feathers everywhere I went near the hotel! I found out that some of my friends has poured the feathers out the hotel window, high above the ground floor. For the rest of the con, the down was everywhere-in taxis, Burger King...!

"Another time, a bunch of us went walking around New York's Grand Central Station in costume. Someone dressed as Man-Thing walked into a deli and started acting in character. People began to throw salami and all kinds of other food at him. It was really hysterical!"

Last year, Chris experienced a tragic accident in which she suffered painful burns. Fortunately, through the wonders of modern medicine and mother nature's own marvelous gifts, Chris is again one hundred per cent. Previewing her costume possibilities for this year's parade, Chris said she may appear as the X-Men's Phoenix.

"The phoenix is a legendary bird who in Egyptian mythology consumed itself by fire after five hundred years of life, and arose renewed from its ashes. I find that very symbolic. That's why I might be doing the Phoenix character from the X-Men. She had a similar radiation-type accident."

Other memorable costumes have been provided by talented Mark Bilgrey. Mark, presently one of the writers on the Woody Allen syndicated comic strip, a contributor to Mad and Penthouse magazines, plus a standup comedian, has been too busy lately to produce any new creations. He works primarily in papier maché, and each costume requires an average of about fifteen to twenty hours solid effort. In past years, Mark has been Altron Boy, Hawkman, a Captain Marvel comic book, Stan Lee, Mr. Mind, and Plastic Man.

Mark reminisces, "The Plastic Man costume involved hard plastic tubing for the neck. Wrapped around that were old

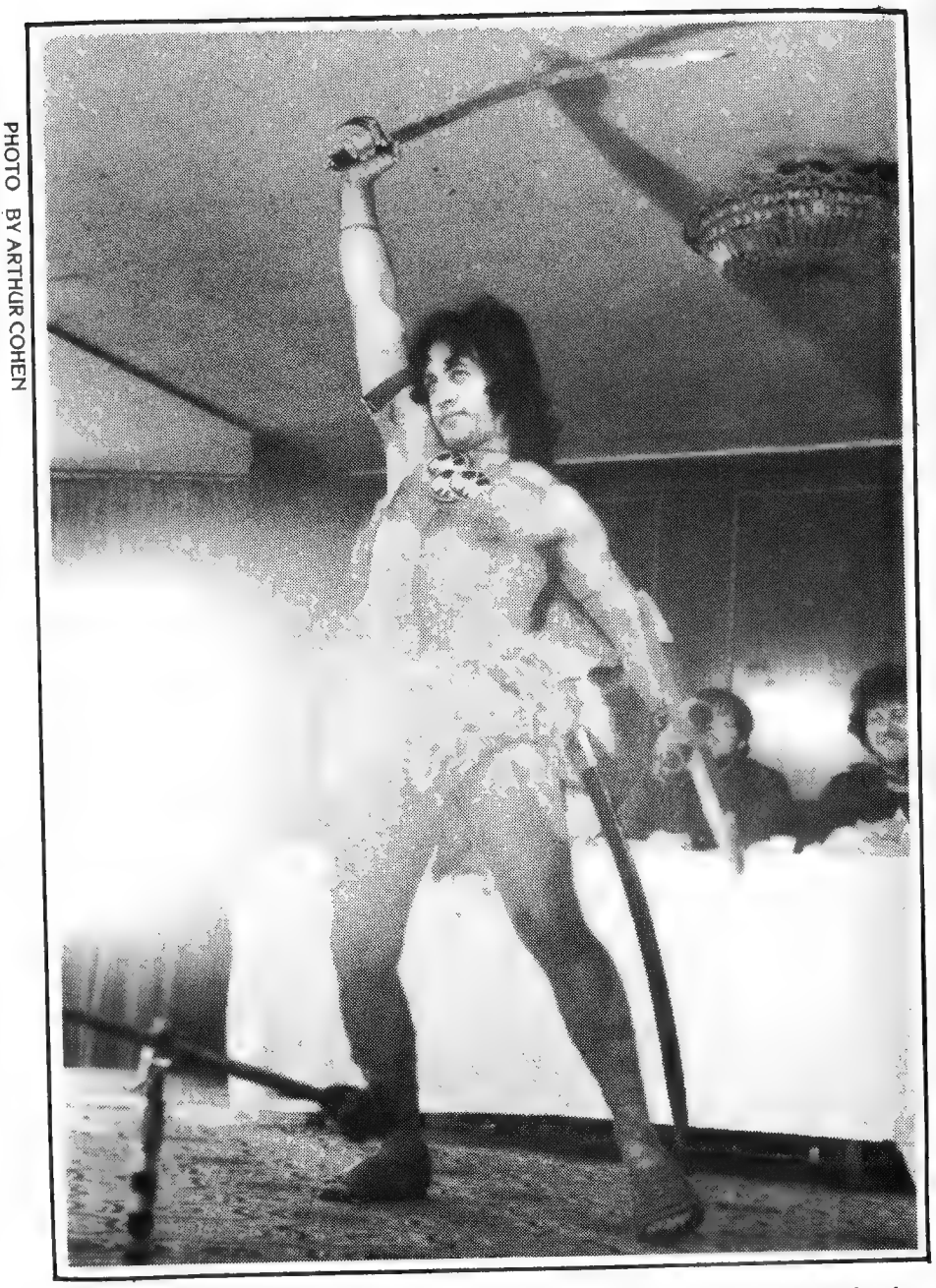


PHOTO BY ARTHUR COHEN

newspapers painted red to match the rest of my costume. The head was made of styrofoam and was sculpted to the neck.

"My costumes are all very heavy to wear, for the most part. The heat was unbearable. Invariably, I would spend about three complete hours at the convention in costume.

"I got started doing costume parades when I went to a convention and found out about the event. Since I'd always been doing costumes and making science fiction home movies which involved costumes, I thought the conventions might be a good place to try out new designs, and have them seen by the public."

Getting back to Plastic Man, "When I was in costume on stage, Phil Seuling announced that he was going to read the names of the winners. Now remember, I had a huge head on that stretched out from my body. I leaned over his shoulders with the huge head, as though I was peeking at the results. Phil looked up at this huge head that was stretching towards him, and realized that I was "reading" over his shoulders. Phil smiled and then looked at the audience. I don't know how funny this is going to look in print, but there it got a huge laugh."

Charlie Hawse is a comics fan who has appeared in costume at July Con twice. "When I got a flyer in the mail about the '74 convention, it said that there was going to be a costume parade," said the native New Jerseyite. "I decided to go as 'The Shield.' My friend Chuck Nanco. now a graduate of John Buscema's art school, came as Brainiac Five. I didn't know anybody there. By the next year, after I knew some people, I went with a group of Pittsburgh Comics Club members as the Legion of Superheroes." Charley, who shows no embarrassment when letting his rather hefty size help choose the characters he portrays, came as Bouncing Boy. The other Legionnaires included P.C.C. president Ben Pondexter, Mark Gaudio, Kurt Chebatoria, Keith, Mateson, Todd Clark, and Mercy Van Black. If his schedule permits, Mr. Hawse hopes to appear this year as the planet Asgard.

PHOTO BY S. BILL LEWIS JR.

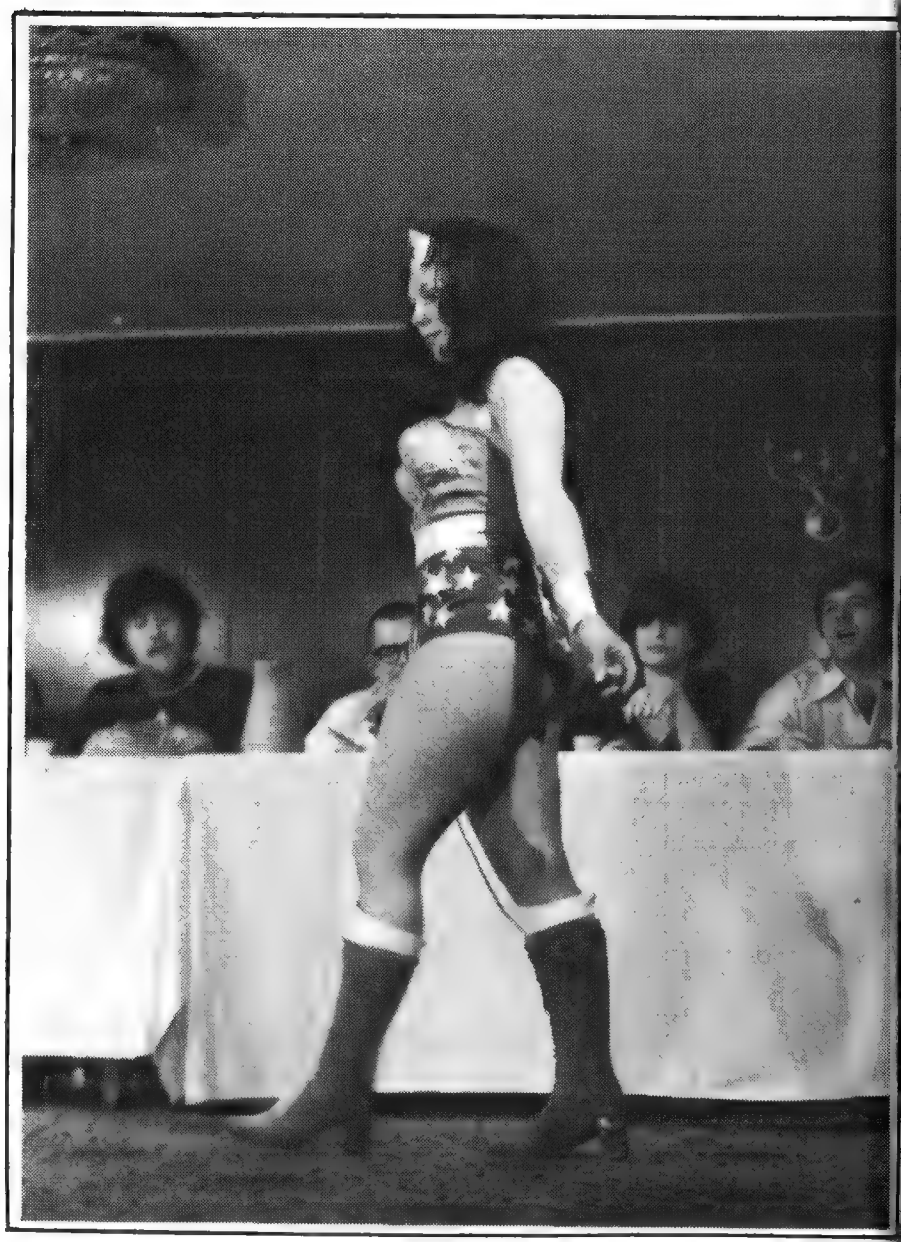


PHOTO BY ARTHUR COHEN

One of the true masters of convention costuming is Cortlandt Hull. A multi-award winner, Hull has appeared at several conventions, including Phil Seuling's annual gathering. In 1973, he came to July Con as Ming the Merciless; in 1974, he appeared as the Mask of the Red Death; and in 1975, Cortlandt portrayed Mickey Mouse as the sorceror's apprentice from Fantastia. Hull missed last season's ceremonies due to a presentation of his one man art show near his home in Connecticut, to help achieve a Masters of Fine Arts degree in graphics and filmmaking.

"I like doing my costumes as kind of a tribute to old films," details Cortlandt. "I don't like to do it in a cheap way. I use a variety of materials including acrylics and polymer modeling paste. I have something that I make for myself which I call 'papier mache goop,' that once ruined my mother's meat grinder.

"It very often takes a couple of years to compile bracelets and brooches and rings for a costume. I work with my mother on cutting the costume designs, but she does the actual sewing. To buy some of those antique brooches and fancy velvet material that I use costs a lot of money. The whole cost per costume sometimes comes to around five hundred or six hundred dollars. That's why I often wear the same costume to a couple of conventions."

Cortlandt is also the curator of "The Witches Dungeon," a museum devoted to old monster and fantasy films in Bristol, Connecticut. Mr. Hull has build several life-size displays, some of which utilize past costumes. He also coordinates authentic movie soundtracks with each setting. Opened only around Halloween, Cortlandt recently helped publicize "The Witches Dungeon" when he appeared on To Tell the Truth (in costume).

Additionally, Hull has produced two films, both of them spoofs. The first was titled Rendezvous and included footage from old horror flicks set to Frank Sinatra singing "Strangers in the Night." The sequel honored Hollywood special effects, and was keyed to Sinatra singing "Watch What Happens."

"I have a couple of funny stories involvilng the Sorceror's Apprentice costume," said Cortlandt beamingly. "That year, the Air Pirates, a group of underground artists who were sued by the Disney organization for satirizing Disney characters, asked me to pose as though I were cursing them for a photograph.

"You know, when I wear the costumes, I stay in character. As Mickey Mouse, I walked around from room to room talking to the people as Mickey would. Inevitably a kid with a parent would grab my nose and I'd get caught. I'd wind up saying something like, 'You better let go of my nose, because I have to leave now and go find Minnie.' "

The costumers all agree that they only appear at conventions as a labor of love. If they win a prize, it's just an additional bonus. Obviously, the designers still like to have their work appreciated.

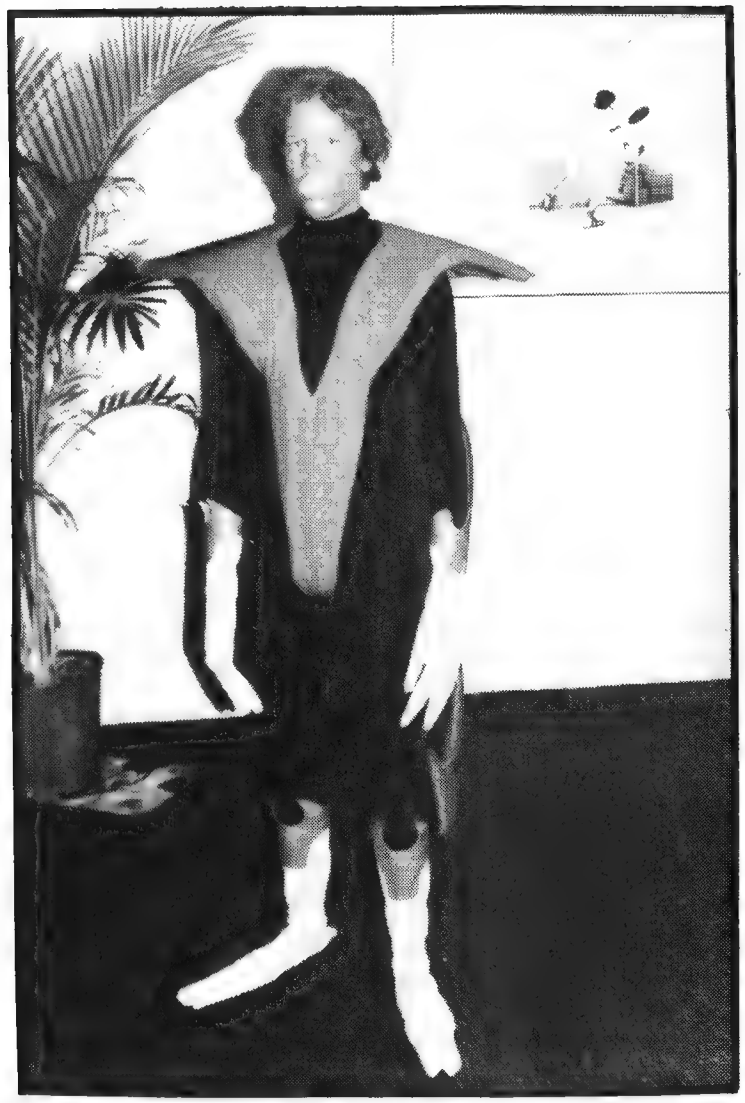
Clad in often dazzling garments, the costume parade entrants must spend much time posing for pictures. But they don't mind. "We'll pose as long as the audience wants to take photos," said one participant. "We're all hams."

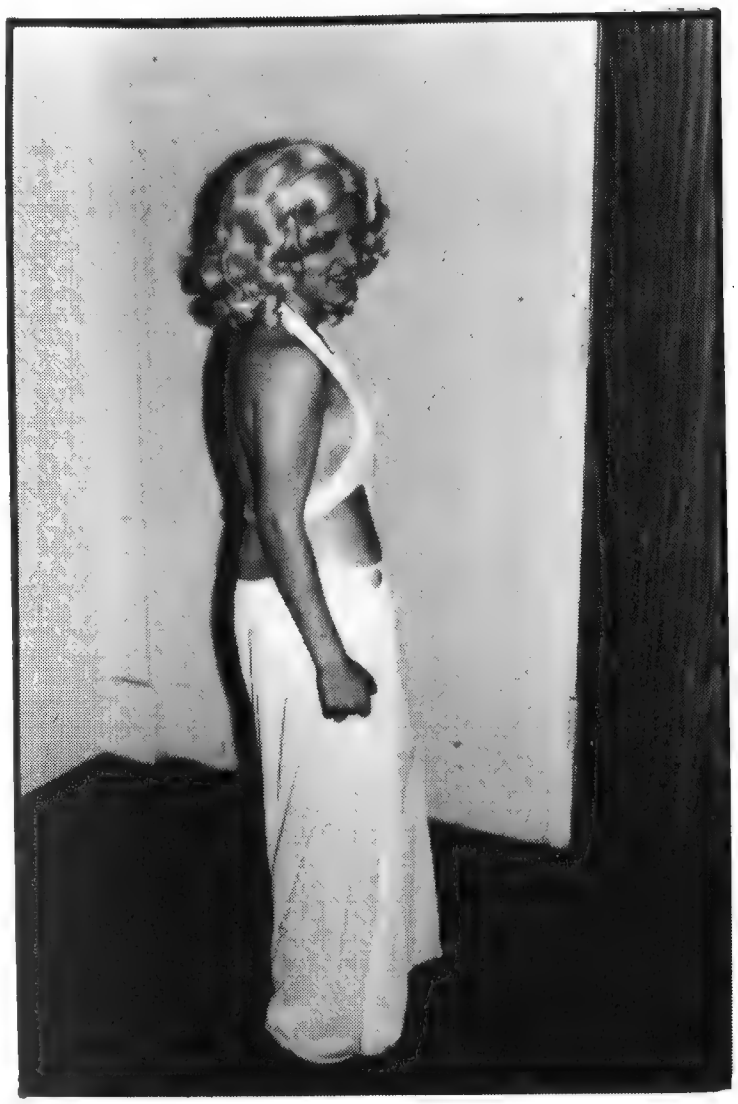
A genuine comraderie has developed among most costumers. Chris Lundi elaborates: "I get calls from all over the country giving and asking for costuming advice. I do the same thing. Right now, I'm arranging with Joe Sicheac, someone who's done great work with latex, to explain to me how to work with the substance."

Each year, many new faces turn up at the costume call. Last gathering, Angelique Trouvere couldn't come to the event because of a previous engagement at the simultaneously held Westercon. In her place, Destiny sent her sister, Keri McCutcheon, as Wonder Woman. Honoring her roots, Keri won an award for the function's best Bi-Centennial garb.

This article doesn't mean to slight any past costume parade contenders. Unfortunately, there were many people whom we couldn't contact. Regardless, we have all thrilled to the amazing designs concocted by such convention luminaries as Heidi Saha, Tom Watkins, and many others.

We all owe tremendous thanks to the costumers for providing us with years of spectacular visual entertainment. Most important, the costume parade emphasizes what the Comic Art Convention is really all about: fun!





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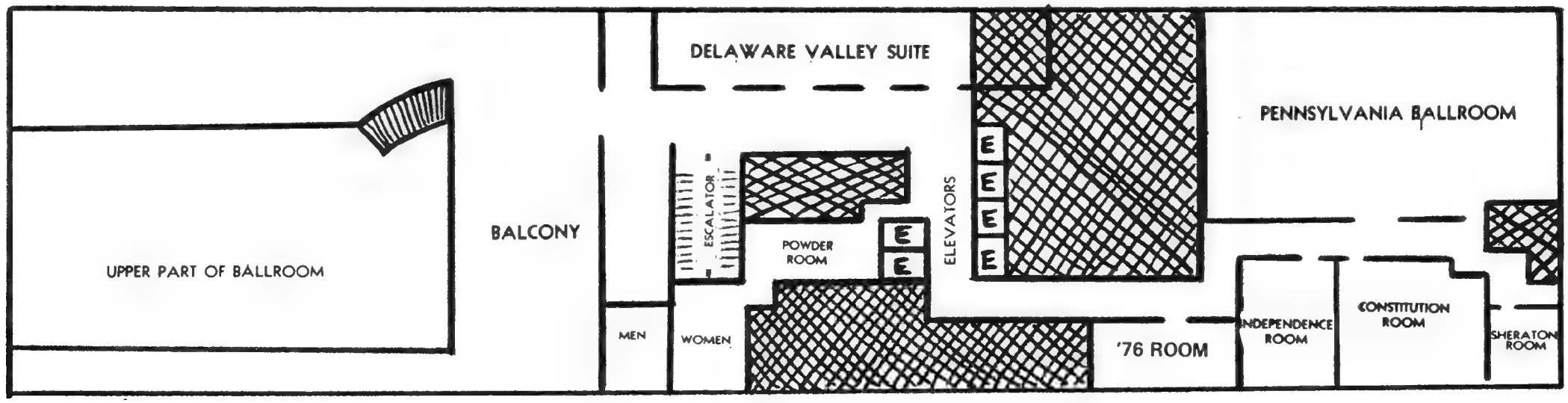

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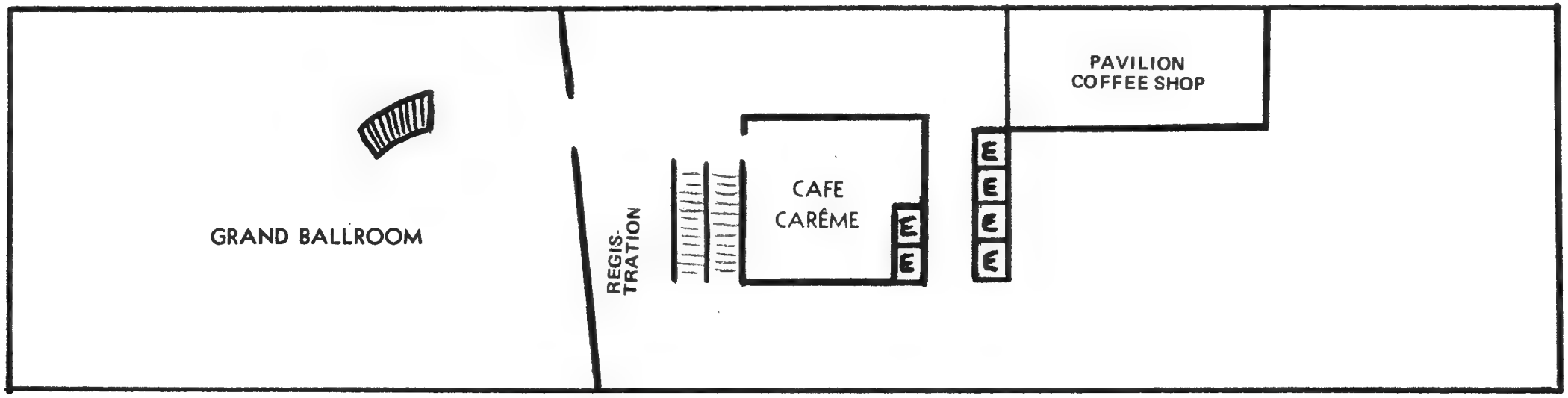

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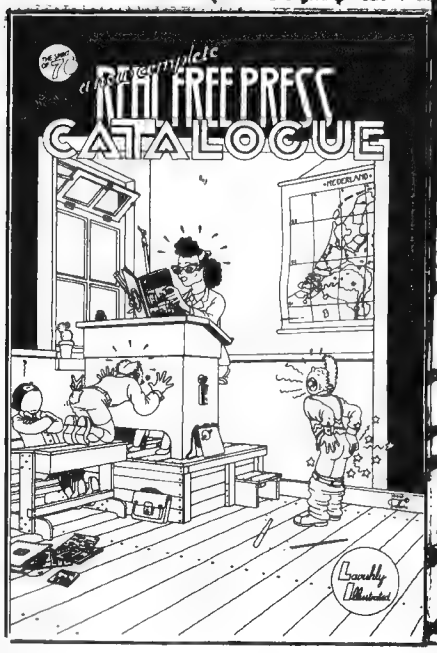

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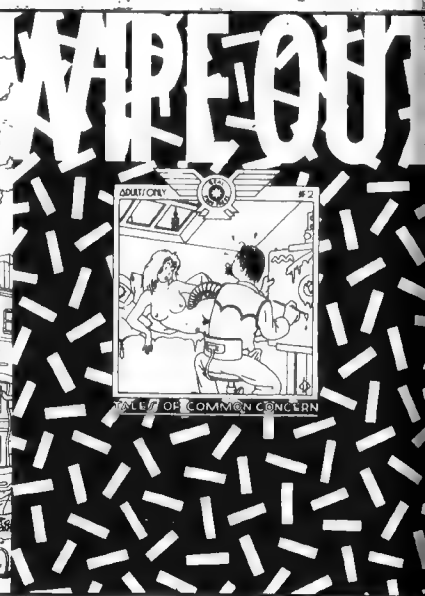

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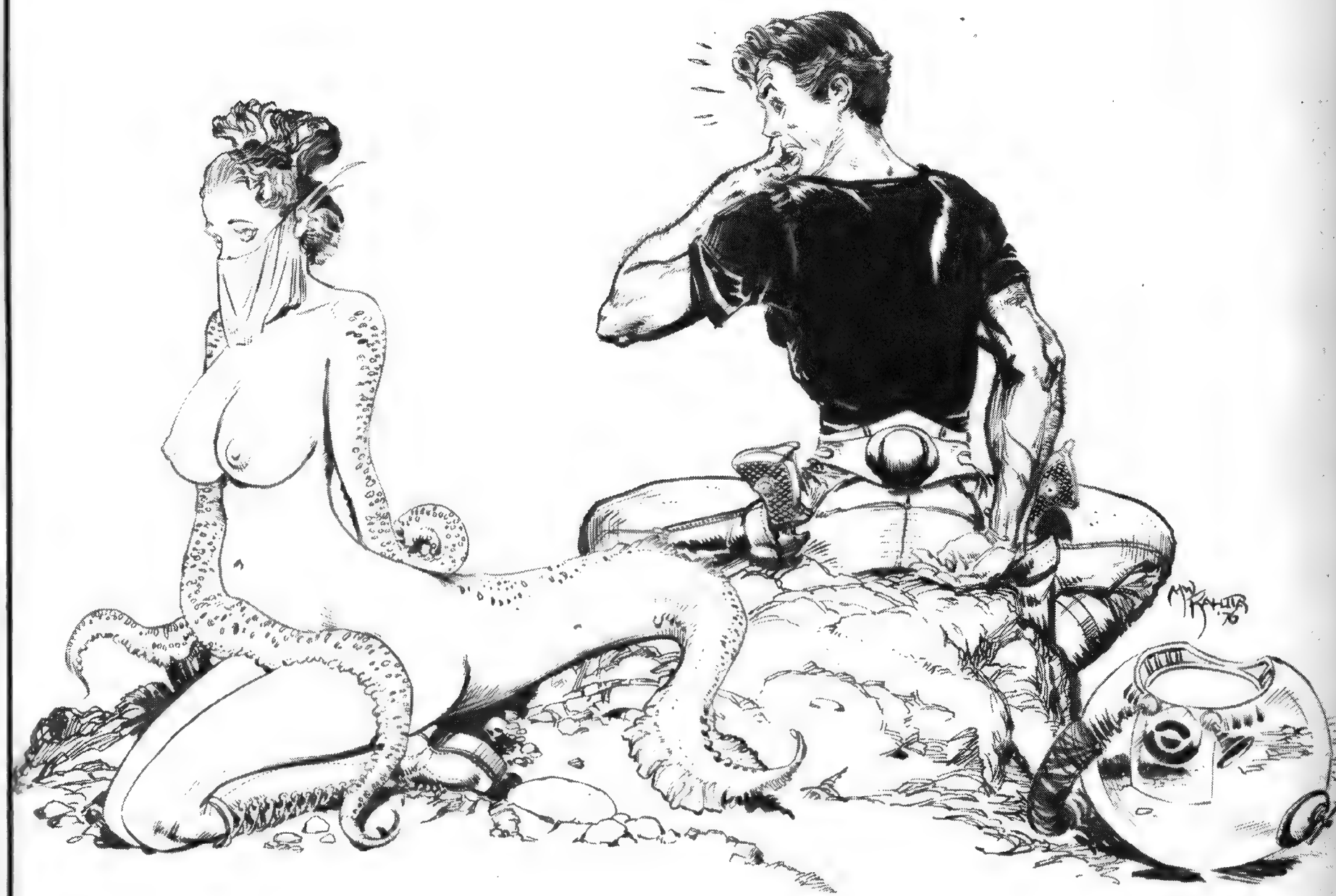

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